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Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION,

At Abington, August 1, 1862.

I QUITE agree with the view which Mr. Conway takes of the present situation of the country. More than that, I quite agree with the view he takes of the probable future through which we are to be called to walk. I have no hope, as he has not, that the intelligent purpose of our government will ever find us a way out of this war. I think, if we find any way out of it, we are to stumble out of it by the gradual education of the people, making their own way on, a great mass, without leaders. I do not think that anything which we can call the *government* has any *purpose* to get rid of slavery. On the contrary, I think the present purpose of the government, so far as it has now a purpose, is to end the war and save slavery. I believe Mr. Lincoln is conducting this war, at present, with the purpose of saving slavery. That is his present line of policy, so far as any trustworthy indications of any policy reach us. The Abolitionists are charged with a desire to make this a political war. All civil wars are necessarily political wars—they can hardly be anything else. Mr. Lincoln is intentionally waging a *political* war. He knows as well as we do at this moment, as well as every man this side of a lunatic hospital knows, that if he wants to save lives and money, the way to end this war is to strike at slavery. I do not believe that McClellan himself is mad or idiotic enough to have avoided that idea, even if he has tried to do so. But Gen. McClellan is waging a political war; so is Mr. Lincoln. When Gen. Butler ordered the women and children to be turned out of the camps at New Orleans, and one of the Colonels of the Northwest remonstrated, hid himself in his tent, rather than witness the misery which the order occasioned—when the slaveholders came to receive the women and children who were to be turned out of the camps, and the troops actually charged upon them with bayonets to keep them out of the line—Gen. Butler knew what he was doing. It was not to save rations, it was not to get rid of individuals; it was to conciliate New Orleans. It was a political move. When Mr. Lincoln, by an equivocal declaration, nullifies Gen. Hunter, he does not do it because he doubts either the justice or the efficiency of Hunter's proclamation; he does it because he is afraid of Kentucky on the right hand, and *The Daily Advertiser* on the left (laughter). He has not taken one step since he entered the Presidency that has been a military step, and he could not. A civil war can hardly be anything but a political war. That is, all civil wars are a struggle of opposite ideas, and armies are but the tools. If Mr. Lincoln believed in the North and in Liberty, he would let our army act on the principles of Liberty. He does not. He believes in the South as the most efficient and vital instrumentality at the present moment, therefore defers to it. I had a friend who went to Port Royal, went among the negro huts, and saw the pines that were growing between them shattered with shells and cannon balls. He said to the contrabands, "When those balls came, were you here?" "Yes." "Did'nt you run?" "No, massa; we knew they were not meant for us." It was a sublime, childlike faith in the justice, the providence of the Almighty. But every Southern traitor on the other side of the Potomac can say of McClellan's cannon ball, if he ever fires one, "We know it is not meant for us." For they know he is fighting a political war, as all of us must; the only question is, in the service of which political idea shall the war be waged—in the service of saving the Union as it was or the Union as it ought to be? Mr. Lincoln dare not choose between these two phrases. He is waging a war which he dare not describe, in the service of a political idea that he dare not shape into words. He is not fighting vigorously and heartily enough even to get good terms in case of a treaty—not to talk of victory. All savages call clemency cowardice; they respect nothing but force. The Southern barbarians mistake clemency for cowardice; and every act of Lincoln, which he thinks is conciliation, they take for evidence of his cowardice. I do not say that McClellan is a traitor, but I say this, that if he had been a traitor from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he could not have served the South better than he has since he was Commander-in-Chief (applause); he could not have carried on the war in more exact deference to the politics of that side of the Union. And almost the same thing may be said of Mr. Lincoln—that if he had been a traitor, he could not have worked better to strengthen one side, and hazard the success of the other. There is more danger to-day that Washington will be taken than Richmond. Washington is besieged more truly than Richmond is. After fifteen months of war, that is the position of the strongest nation on the globe; for the nineteen Northern States, led by a government that serves their ideas, are the strongest nation on the face of the globe. Now, I think, and if I were in the Senate I should have said to the government, that every man who under the present policy loses his life in the swamps of the South, and every dollar sent there to be wasted, only prolongs a murderous and wasteful war, waged for no purpose whatever. This is my meaning. In this war, mere victory on a battle-field amounts to nothing, contributes little or nothing toward ending the war. If our present policy led to decisive victories, therefore (which it does not), it would be worth little. The war can only be ended by annihilating that Oligarchy which formed and rules the South and makes the war—by annihilating a state of society. No social state is really annihilated, except when it is replaced by another. Our present policy neither aims to annihilate that state of things we call "the South," made up of pride, idleness, ignorance, barbarism, theft and murder, nor to replace it with a substitute. Such an aimless war I call wasteful and murderous. Better that that South should go to-day, than that we should prolong such a war. To keep 500,000 men in the field, we must have 560,000 men on the rolls, for there are 58,000 or 60,000 men necessarily invalid in an army of half a million; and to keep that 560,000 good, you must have a fresh recruiting every year of 123,000 men. This nation is to give, year by year, while this war lasts, 123,000 men to the army, and that number are to fall out of the ranks, according to the experience of the last sixteen months, by death, either from disease or the sword; or, if not death, then wounds so serious as to make a man's life only a burden to himself and the community. A hundred and twenty-three thousand men a year, and, I suppose, a million of dollars a day!

Well, you say, "Why not end the war?" You cannot. Jefferson said of slavery—"We have got the wolf by the ears; we can neither hold him nor let him go." That was his figure. We have now got the South—this wolf—by the ears; we *must* hold hold her; we cannot let her go. There is to be no peace on this continent, as I believe, until these thirty States are united. You and I may live to be 70 years old; we shall never see peace on this continent until we see one flag from the Lake to the Gulf, and we shall never see it until slavery is eliminated from the institutions of these States. Let the South go to-morrow, and you have not got peace. Intestine war here, border war along the line, aggression and intrigue on the part of the South! She has lived with us for seventy years, and kept us constantly in turmoil. Exasperated by suffering, grown haughty by success, the moment she goes off, is such a neighbor likely to treat us any better, with our imaginary line between us, than she has treated us for seventy years while she held the sceptre? The moment we ask for terms, she counts it victory, and the war in another shape goes on. You and I are never to see peace, we are never to see the possibility of putting the army of this nation, whether it be made up of 19 or 34 States, on a peace footing, until slavery is destroyed. A large army, immense expenses, a despotic government, using necessarily despotic war powers—that is the future until slavery is destroyed. As long as you keep a tortoise at the head of the government, you are digging a pit with one hand and filling it with the other. The war means digging a pit with your two hands, and filling it up with the lives of your sons and the accumulations of your fathers. Now, therefore, until this nation announces, in some form or other, that this is a war, not against Jefferson Davis, but against the system; until the whole nation endorses the resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce—"Better every rebel die than one loyal soldier (applause), and begs of the government, demands of the government, to speak that word which is victory and peace—until we do that, we shall have no prospect of peace.

I do not believe in the government. I agree entirely with Mr. Conway. I do not believe this government has got either vigor or a purpose. It drifts with events. If Jefferson Davis is a sane man, if he is a sagacious man, and has the power to control his army, he will never let it take Washington; for he knows as well as we do, that shelling the dome of that Capitol to ashes, that the Capitol in flames or surmounted with the rebel flag, would be the fiery cross to wake the North into unity, and to the demand for emancipation (applause). We are paying a million of dollars a day for soldiers to dig ditches in the Chickahominy swamps, but the best expense we could be put to would be to lose the marble Capitol under the shells of Beauregard; for the very telegraph that flashed the news North and West would go back laden with the demand, that if, in the providence of God, Lincoln had survived the bombardment of Washington, and Hamlin was not President—which I wish he were—he should proclaim emancipation. And I believe that would make even him over into an Abolitionist. I do not believe that Jefferson Davis, while he is able to control his forces, will ever allow them to take Washington. He wants time. If we float on until the Fourth of March, 1863, England could hardly be blamed if she did acknowledge the South. A very fair argument could be urged, on principles of international law, that she ought to do it. The South will have gone far to prove her right to be acknowledged. She will have maintained herself two full years, against such efforts as no nation ever made. Davis wants to tide over to that time, without rousing the North. He does not wish any greater successes than will just keep us where we are, and allow Europe to see the South strong, vigorous, and the North only her equal. One such move as that on Washington, and the South would kick the beam. He knows it. If any man has light enough on the future to pray God to do any particular thing, I advise him to pray for an attack on Washington and its capture, for nothing less than that seems likely, within a few months, to wake up these Northern States to the present emergency.

But for these considerations, I see not why Jefferson Davis should not throw all his troops upon Washington, first informing Gen. McClellan of the proposed attack, and demanding of him enough Federal troops to protect the rebel property at Richmond during Beauregard's absence. The President, judged by both proclamations that have followed the late confiscation act of Congress, has no mind whatever. He has not uttered a word that gives even a twilight glimpse of any anti-slavery purpose. He may be honest—nobody cares whether the tortoise is honest or not; he has neither insight, nor prevision, nor decision. It is said in Washington streets that he long ago wrote a proclamation, abolishing slavery in the State of Virginia, but McClellan bullied him out of it. It is said, too—what is extremely probable—that he has more than once made up his mind to remove McClellan, and Kentucky bullied him out of it. The man who has been beaten to that pulp in sixteen months, what hope can we have of him? None. There is no ground for any expectations from this government. We are to pray for such blows as will arouse the mass of the people into systematic, matured, intelligent interference in the action of the government. When I was here a year ago, I said I thought the President needed the advice of great bodies of prominent men. That has taken a year. The New York Chamber of Commerce, the Common Council, and the Defense Committee, have just led the way. Some of the Western Councils have followed, it is said. Let us hope that they may have decisive effect at Washington; but I do not believe they will. I do not believe there is in that Cabinet—Seward, Chase, Stanton, Welles, or the President of the country—enough to make a leader. If McClellan should capitulate in his swamp, if Johnston should take Washington, if Butler should be driven out of New Orleans, if those ten fabulous iron ships from England at Mobile could be turned into realities, and Palmerston acknowledge the Confederacy, I should have hope; for I do not believe these nineteen million of people mean to be beaten; and if they do, I do not believe they can afford to be beaten. I think, when we begin to yield, the South will demand such terms as even the Boston *Courier* cannot get low enough to satisfy them (laughter and applause). You do not know the sublime impudence and haughtiness of the tyrants of the South. You have not yet measured the terms which Jefferson Davis will impose upon the North, when, if ever, it proposes accomodation. The return of fugitives, the suppression of anti-slavery dicussion, monopoly of the Mississippi, surrender of some border States—a thousand things, that would make the yoke too heavy to be borne. I never did believe in the capacity of Abraham Lincoln, but I do believe in the pride of Davis, in the vanity of the South, in the desperate determination of those fourteen States; and I believe in a sunny future, because God has driven them mad; and in their madness is our hope. They will never consent to anything that the North can grant; and you must whip them, because, unless you do, they will grind you to powder.

This war is to go on. There will be drafting in three months or six. The hunker, when he is obliged to go to war, will be like the man of whom Mr. Conway told us, who was willing to sit by a negro in the cars, rather than stand all night—he will be willing that the negro shall fight, with him or without him. That is a part of the logic of events that will be very effective; but even that will not make Lincoln declare for emancipation. We shall wait one year or two, if we wait for him, before we get it. In the meantime, what an expense of blood and treasure, each day! It is a terrible expense that Democracy pays for its mode of government. If we lived in England now, if we lived in France now, a hundred men, convinced of the exigency of the moment, would carry the nation here or there. It is the royal road, short, sharp and stern, like the 2d of December, with Napoleon's cannon enfilading every street in Paris. Democracy, when it moves, has to carry the whole people with it. The minds of nineteen million of people are to be changed and educated. Ministers and politicians have been preaching to them that the negro will not fight—that he is a nuisance—that slavery is an ordination of God—that the North ought to bar him out with statutes. The North wakes up, its heart poisoned, its hands paralyzed with these ideas, and says to its tortoise President—"Save us, but not through the negro!" You do not yet believe in the negro. The papers are accumulating statistics to prove that the negro will work, and asking whether he will fight. If he will not fight, we are gone—that is all! If he will not work without the lash, the Union is over. If the popular theory is correct, there can be no peace nor union on this continent, except under the heel of a slaveholding despotism. It is not the South we have got to conquer; it is the Egypt of the Southern half of Illinois; it is the devil in the editor's chair of the Boston *Courier* (merriment)—it is the lump of unbaked dough, with no vitality except hatred of Charles Sumner, which sits in the editorial chair of *The Daily Advertiser* (applause); it is the man who goes down to Virginia with the army, and thinks he goes there to watch the house of Gen. Lee, and make the slaves work for him, while the master has gone to Corinth or to Richmond. These are the real enemies of the republic; and if Lincoln could be painted, as *Vanity Fair* once painted him, like Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders, it should be these conservative elements weighing down the heart and the purpose of your President, that the limner should present. If we go to the bottom, it will be because we have, in the providence of God, richly deserved it. It is the pro-slavery North that is her greatest enemy. Lincoln would act, if he believed the North wanted him to. Our friend Conway has fairly painted him. He is not a genius; he is not a man like Fremont, to stamp the lava mass of the nation with an idea; he is not a man like Hunter, to coin his experience into ideas. I will tell you what he is. He is a first-rate *second-rate* man (laughter). He is one of the best specimens of a second-rate man, and he is honestly waiting, like any other servant, for the people to come and send him on any errand they wish. In ordinary times, when the seas are calm, you can sail without a pilot—almost any one can avoid a sunken ledge that the sun shows him on his right hand, and the reef that juts out on his left; but it is when the waves smite heaven, and the thunder-cloud makes the waters ink, that you need a pilot: and to-day the nation's bark scuds, under the tempest, lee-shore and mælstrom on each side—needing no holiday captain, but a pilot, to weather the storm. Mr. Conway thinks we are to ride on a couple of years, and get one. I doubt it. Democracy is poisoning its fangs. It is making its way among the ballot-boxes of the nation. I doubt whether the next Congress will be as good as the last. That is not saying much. I doubt whether there will be such a weight of decided Republicanism in it as there was in the last Congress. I should be afraid to commit to the nation to-day the choice of a President. What we want is some stunning misfortune; what we want is a baptism in blood, to make the aching and bereaved hearts of the people cry out for Fremont, for an idea, at the head of the armies (applause). Meanwhile, we must wander on in the desert, wasteful murderers. Every life lost in that swamp is murder by the Cabinet at Washington. Every dollar spent is stolen from the honest toil of the North to pamper the conceited pride of the South in her own institution. Whose fault? Ours—not Lincoln's. He is as good as the average North. In yonder Grove, July after July, the Whigs of this Commonwealth lavished their money to fire guns once every minute to smother the speeches that were made on our platform. You remember it. The sons of those men are dying in the South because their fathers smothered the message which, heeded, might have saved this terrible lesson to the nation (applause). Who shall say that God is not holding to their lips the cup which they poisoned? That Massachusetts is to be made over again, and, under competent leaders, hurled as a thunderbolt against the rebellion. We are not to shrink from the idea that this is a political war; it must be. But its politics is a profound faith in God and the people, in justice and liberty as the eternal safety of nations as well as of men (applause). It is of that Lincoln should make his politics, planting the corner-stone of the new Union in the equality of every being before the law, and justice to all races (renewed applause). If military necessity did not call for a million of blacks in the army, civil necessity would dictate it. Slavery, instead of being a dreaded perplexity, something we are to wail over, is a God-given weapon, a glorious opportunity, a sword rough ground by God, and ready every moment for our use. The nation, the most stupid in it—all but the traitors—know and confess that to abolish it would end the rebellion. Thus, therefore, God gives us *knowledge*, keeps for us the weapon; all we need ask for is courage to use it. I say, therefore, as Mr. Conway did, cease believing in the Cabinet; there is nothing there for you. Pray God, that before he abandons this nation, he will deign to humble it by one blow that shall make it spring to its feet, and use the strength it has. Beseech him to put despair into the hearts of the Cabinet. If we are called ever to see another President of the United States on horseback flying from his Capital, waste no tears! He will return to that Capital on the arms of a million of adult negroes, the sure basis of a Union that will never be broken (applause).

I like some of the signs of the times. I like the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce. I like the article from *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, bidding us criticise McClellan, and no longer believe that Napoleons are made of mud (laughter). I think the two poles of popular influence have been struck: the young men, the sporting men, the fast men, the dissipated men, the New York *Herald's* constituency, and the commercial class, the merchants and bankers of the great metropolis. The thirty thousand copies of *Wilkes* that are circulated every week have a mighty influence. When its readers begin to believe that McClellan is made of mud, it is a bright sign. Do not look to the Capital. We did think there was something in Stanton; there may be; but he is overslaughed, he is eclipsed, he has gone into retirement behind Seward. The policy that prevails at Washington is to do nothing, and wait for events. I asked the lawyers of Illinois, who had practised law with Mr. Lincoln for twenty years, "Is he a man of decision, is he a man who can say no?" They all said, "If you had gone to the Illinois bar, and selected the man least capable of saying no, it would have been Abraham Lincoln. He has no stiffness in him." I said to the bankers and the directors of railroads in Chicago, "Is McClellan a man who can say no?" and they said, "Banks we had only a few months; we don't think much of him; but to every question you asked, he would say yes or no in sixty minutes. McClellan never answered a question while he was here. If there was a question to be decided, he floated until events decided it. He was here months, and he never decided a single question that came up in the management of the Illinois Central." These are the men we have put at the head of the Union, and for fourteen months, they have been unable to say yes or no. But that is the fault of the nation. We should have been five hundred millions of dollars richer, and sixty-three thousand lives more populous, if Banks had been Commander-in-Chief instead of McClellan (applause). I do not believe that Banks knows how to handle an army, but I believe he would have pressed that army on and against something, and that is all it needed. I had a private letter from a Captain in McClellan's army in the Peninsula, in which he said, "We have had five chances to enter Richmond; we might have done it after Yorktown, after Williamsburg, and after Seven Pines, just as well as not; no troops in front of us, we ourselves in full condition for an advance. Instead of that, we sat down and dug."

The most serious charge I have against the President, the only thing that makes a film upon his honesty—for I believe him as honest as the measure of his intellect allows—is this: that while I do not believe that in his heart he trusts McClellan a whit more than I do, from fear of the Border States and Northern conservatism, he keeps him at the head of the army, which loses two thousand men by disease every week, and spends six or seven hundred thousand dollars a day; and if, twenty years hence, he renders up an account of his stewardship to his country, you that live, mark me! will see him confess that this whole winter he never believed in McClellan's ability. That is the sore spot in the character of an otherwise honest officer, and that is where this fear of conservatism sends him. Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky and Mr. Davis of Kentucky put their feet down and say, "Do this, and the Border States leave you." There is not a Republican at the North who will be allowed to say it. Gov. Andrew lisped it once, in his letter to Secretary Stanton, and how few, except the Abolitionists, dared to stand by him, even in Massachusetts! There is no public opinion that would support Mr. Sumner, with a loyal Commonwealth behind him, in making such a speech, once in the winter, as Garrett Davis made every day with a Commonwealth behind him that has to be held in the Union by the fear of Northern bayonets; and it is because conservatism is bold and Republicanism is coward ("Hear!") that Abraham Lincoln has to stand where he does to-day. There will be no mystery if this nation goes to pieces. It will be God punishing it according to the measure of its sins. Ten years ago, the Whig party could have educated it, and so postponed or averted this convulsion. It was left to pass on in its career, and the South finds it divided in sentiment, servile in purpose; our soldiers the servants of rebels; our officers, with shoulder-straps, on the soil of a rebellious State like Virginia, more sycophantic to the slaveholder who comes to their camp than Webster was in the Senate, when Clay threatened him with the lash of Southern insolence, fifteen years ago. If this rebellion cannot shake the North out of her servility, God will keep her in constant agitation until he does shake us into a self-respecting, courageous people, fit to govern ourselves (applause). This war will last just long enough to make us over into men, and when it has done this, we shall conquer with as much ease as the lion takes the tiniest animal in his grip. If Mr. Lincoln could only be wakened to the idea which Mr. Conway has expressed, that God gives him the thunderbolt of slavery with which to crush the rebellion; that there was never a rebellion arranged by Providence to be put down so easily, so completely, so beneficially as this; that, unlike the aristocracy of France and England, rooting itself underneath the whole surface of society, slavery almost makes good the prayer of the Roman tyrant, "Would that the people had one neck, and I could cut it!"—if Mr. Lincoln could only understand this, victory would be easy. God has massed up slavery into three hundred thousand hands. He has marked it by the black color, so that the most ignorant cannot err, so that the blindest shall see enough to strike at this central figure which holds the life-blood of the rebellion (applause). Let us do our duty, and feel, however long the war, however fatal and disastrous the experience, that we have left no stone unturned, no word unspoken, which can save a mighty nation from the greatest sufferings God ever inflicted on an age.

My friend says he would say to the tyrants of the Old World, "Come on!" That is a fearful taunt. The collision of two such nations as the England of this side the Atlantic, and the England of the other, would shake the globe. No such war has been known since Christ. Half of all the old wars massed into one would not equal it. We should sweep the commerce of the mightiest commercial nation from the ocean. We should send starvation into Lancashire and Lyons, and she would make our coast a desolation, and send anguish into millions of homes. The ingenuity of one race divided into two nations, that has reached an almost superhuman acuteness, would be all poured into the channel of the bloodiest war; and behind it would be the Saxon determination—which, like that of the bull-dog, its type, will die in the death-grapple before it yields. Old national hate, fresh edged and perpetuated—untold wealth destroyed—millions of lives lost, lives of the most cultivated nations—the progress of the race stopped—chaos come again over the fairest portion of Christendom—fifty million of people, dealing such death-blows across the Atlantic in the nineteenth century—it is a burden which we are to pray God he will not call upon us to bear. On the contrary, let us hope that Southern success may be so rapid and abundant, that a blow like that which stuns the drunkard into sobriety may stun our Cabinet into vigor, and that nineteen million of people, putting forth their real strength in the right direction, may keep peace outside our borders until we make peace within (loud applause).

NOT AFRAID TO BE CALLED AN ABOLITIONIST.

[We have not seen a more striking illustration of the great change of public sentiment at the North, which has been developed within the last few weeks, than is afforded in the following extract of a speech recently made at a great war meeting in Lancaster, Pa., by the Hon. MORTON McMICHAEL, editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, one of the most conservative journals in the country.]

MY friends, I have never been an Abolitionist ("sound" and applause), but I am not afraid of that name. The time has gone by in which that bug-bear can any longer be used to frighten grown-up men (laughter and applause). It does not alarm these bright-eyed young women who are now smiling upon us, though it may scare a certain elderly lady in breeches (James Buchanan) who is living out an inglorious old age some three or four miles from this town (great laughter); but it cannot scare men who know they have the right to think and act for themselves, who feel that the defence of a great country has been confided to them (applause), and that upon the manner in which they deport themselves in this great crisis will perhaps depend the whole future of human liberty here and throughout the world (cheers).

Such men will use the negroes just as the negroes can be of the most service, and will not care who chooses to call them Abolitionists (cheers). A VOICE—"Keep them at work." Mr. McMICHAEL—Yes, we will keep them at work, at whatever they can do to lessen our labors and to promote our interests (cheers). We will use them, having regard always to humanity—for God forbid that I should here insinuate that we will do anything inconsistent with humanity—we will use them in whatever way they can best promote the success of the cause of this great Union, and put down this unholy rebellion (cheers).

I read in one of the papers this morning an address to the people of Pennsylvania, occupying some three or four columns of the paper in which I found it, in which there was a labored argument to prove that this great war in which we are now engaged was brought about by the Abolitionists. No harm, it argued, had ever been done by the delicate gentlemen of the South. They had never wronged the North; they had never uttered a syllable in derogation of our rights; they had never encroached upon our privileges; they had never asked that we should bow down before them and consent to be kicked and cuffed for their pleasure. Oh, no; they had been the most patient, the most enduring, and the most forbearing of all men; but we, the people of the North, characterized in this address under the general term of "Abolitionists," we had done all this mischief (laughter). We had brought upon ourselves all these evils. We were the authors of our own woes. And what think you was the remedy proposed to end this war? That we should blot out the Abolitionists—that is, we of the North should blot out ourselves (laughter). For, my friends, whatever our opinions may have been on the question of slavery in the past, this term Abolitionist is now applied to every loyal man of the North. ("True.") I say that the time has gone by when any man who is a man, who is not afraid to look his fellow-man in the eye, as I now look at my venerable friend, Dr. Muhlenburg, will shrink from being called an Abolitionist, unless he shrinks back to aim a blow at the man who so called him (cheers).

I tell you the time for dilly-dallying and shilly-shallying has gone by. The time has come when you have got to nerve yourselves to fight like men engaged in a struggle for life or death. It is a struggle whether slave labor or free labor shall predominate; whether these United States shall be split up into contending factions, or whether our government shall be one great, glorious, free and indivisible republic; and in such a struggle we ought to do all that we can to maintain the government, and uphold that Constitution which is so much vaunted by those who would gladly see it trodden under foot, in order that the South may triumph over us. To maintain the Union, our pride and boast, we must do all we can, even to being called Abolitionists (laughter and applause). But no matter what we are called, no matter by what epithets they seek to deter us from our duty, let us push this great cause forward. It must move forward. It is not in the book of fate that this great revolution shall pause half way. The hand of destiny is moving it, and no man can turn it aside (cheers). The Almighty, sitting up there in the great heavens, has decreed in the plenitude of His wisdom what shall be the final result. I cannot peer into His secrets. I have no prophet ken; but this I do know, that I, and every loyal man, will accept the result, let that result be what it may—aye, even though it should be the abolition of slavery (three cheers).

FREEDOM TO THE SLAVES THE ONLY HOPE OF PERMANENT PEACE.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I am again at my former home, Berea, Madison County, Ky. Indications here are favorable in some respects. Mobocracy seems to have been "played out." It was protracted here until the public mind reacted.

Also Secessia has been constrained to call for "free speech" for herself, and must, of course, allow it to others. The Union Legislature, last year, passed a resolution in favor of free speech and against mobs.

Gov. Boyle's proclamation demands that all loyal persons shall be protected in property, person, and liberty. So far so good. But I have no hope of continued peace or protection if slavery shall last and be allowed to again strengthen itself.

In its nature it is a system of outrage and lawlessness. It teaches all who have power to exercise it over the defenceless. This grows to a habit. Poor white men are taught to despise and injure the slave. They come to hate him and his friends by that law of mind by which we hate those whom we are conscious of injuring.

Also slavery cannot bear the light of free speech, and must, soon as it shall have sufficient strength, again mob and abuse those who will show up the evils of the system. The presence of Uncle Sam's guns, and the presence of his men, may secure comparative quiet and liberty; but if slavery is suffered to live and be protected, it will work rebellion as soon as the superior force is gone. At this time, while I am writing, Morgan and his men are said to be within a short distance of us. They have been at our County seat—Richmond—passed within eight miles of this place. These men, reported to be only a few hundred strong, have made a circuit of eight or ten days through the heart of the State, through large slaveholding Counties, with but little show of resistance, save at Lexington. There they did not come, I believe. The rebels have gone from County to County, taking horses, enlisting men, and destroying government property.

This they will probably continue to do so long as slavery shall last. Allow the fostering cause, and you must expect the result. The only true policy is to wipe out slavery, either by proclaiming freedom to the slaves of rebels, or by compensation, or some other means, induce the State to emancipate.

You may be assured that a great number of men in the slave States are now ready to approve the policy of freeing the slaves of rebel masters, and enlisting them in the Union service. I meet with such here, and in adjoining Counties daily.

I meet with fathers who have sons sick in the hospital or exposed to the ravages of disease in a hot climate, who feel that there is no true wisdom in calling men from the Northern or Border States, while there are thousands of colored men now already in the South, ready and able to meet the diseases of the climate, and aid in maintaining government.

Proclamation of freedom to slaves of rebels would soon result in freedom to all.

Secessionists ought not to murmur, for they have made the war, and must take the consequences.

Union men who are slaveholders ought not to murmur, for the lives of husbands and fathers on the battle-field are worth more than the price of their slaves. A proclamation of freedom would quickly crush the rebellion, bring most men to a common level, and thereby induce a community of feeling—restore peace and prosperity to our common country. JOHN G. FEE.

Berea, Madison Co., Ky., July 23, 1862.

WORDS OF A TRUE DEMOCRAT.

LETTER FROM ROBERT DALE OWEN.

To the Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

MY political antecedents are known to you. Always a Democrat, but never a pro-slavery Democrat; opposed in principle and feeling, from my youth up, to human slavery, but believing, until recently, that, in the interests of liberty itself, it was the part of wisdom in the North to abstain from interference with the danger-fraught domestic institution of the South, and to trust to time for its eradication; opposed, with a hereditary aversion, to war, I was willing, before the sword was drawn, to make any honorable concessions that might avert its horrors.

But political convulsions bring with them great lessons and new duties. War would not, under the Divine economy, have been permitted, as in all past ages it has been, if it had not its mission. But to attain the good it brings, we must recognize its necessities.

No civil war, of proportions so gigantic as that now raging, ever existed in the world before. It differs from all others, both in the results sure to ensue from its protraction beyond a brief period, and in the conditions under which, out of evil, it may eventuate in good. In calculating these, time is an essential element.

Seven or eight hundred million are spent. At the best, as much more is likely to go. Two thousand million or upwards is not an improbable total. That is half the national debt of England; and the interest on it (probably at almost double the rate she pays) will make our annual burden nearly equal to hers. If the war lasts three years longer, these figures may be doubled. It must not last three years longer, unless we are willing to risk national bankruptcy.

How is it to be terminated?

By concession? That is no longer in our power. We can buy a truce, a pause by concession to the South; nothing more.

By force of arms, then? But if by force, it must be quickly done. Delay is defeat.

And it must be effectually done. After one such war the nation may revive, its energies still elastic; solvent still and respected. A second will ruin it financially, to say nothing of worse ruin. To save the country, then, the war must not terminate without a sufficient guaranty against its resumption.

How can the war be quickly and effectually terminated? What guaranty is sufficient, that it will not be resumed?

Gradually, very gradually, as this contest proceeded, have I been approaching the conviction that there is but one such guaranty: the emancipation of negro slaves throughout this continent. Perhaps—but as to this I am less certain—that measure is the only sure means of terminating, quickly and effectually, this war. The recent reverse under Gen. McClellan, the scattered rebel fires daily bursting forth in States which our forces had already overrun, the fact that we are fighting against brave men of our own race, all increase the probability that we must deprive the South of a legal right to its four million of laborers, before we can succeed against their masters in a reasonable time and in an effectual manner.

I am not an advocate of revolutionary short-cuts out of a difficulty. I am not in favor of violating the Constitution by way of escaping a danger. There might be immediate advantage, but the precedent is replete with peril.

Could slavery have been abolished, by Northern action, while peace still existed between the North and South, without a violation of the Constitution? In other words, without a revolutionary act? Clearly not. Can slavery be eradicated now, in war, without such violation? If emancipation be necessary to ensure the permanent peace and safety of our government, and if we are willing to pay to all loyal slave-owners a reasonable price for their slaves, clearly yes.

For no principle in law is better established than this, that when important public interests demand it, private property may be taken at a fair appraisement for public use. The opening of a street in improving a city, the running of a railroad, are held, in this and other civilized countries, to be objects of sufficient importance to justify what the French law calls "*appropriation forcée pour cause d'utilité publique.*"

But of importance how utterly trivial is the opening of a street or of a railroad compared to the preservation, in its integrity, of the greatest republic upon earth!

Ought we to declare general emancipation, coupled with a provision for the payment, to all loyal slaveholders, of the fairly appraised value of their slaves? This question resolves itself into another: Have things gone so far that the Union, in its peaceful integrity, and negro-slavery within its borders, can no longer coexist? That is THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY. I think it must be answered, even now, in the affirmative. Every month that passes is converting hundreds of thousands of moderate and conservative and peace-loving men to the same opinion. They despair of sectional friendship or national peace, until the teeming cause of mortal hatred and civil war is rooted out forever.

Have we the means of paying loyal slave-owners a fair price for their slaves? If we act now, before a protracted contest has exhausted our resources, yes. If we wait the termination of a three or four year's war, very certainly, no.

In that price deportation must not be estimated. The South asserts that negro slaves are indispensable to her. That is only so far true, that she does absolutely need hired negro workmen, and ought not to be deprived of them. Her agriculture would, for a time, be ruined without them. But no good man desires a settlement under which any section of our country would be even temporarily ruined.

Nor can it be doubted that the South, however strong her prejudices and traditions in favor of owning her laborers, has herself been brought, by the perils of the hour, to think seriously of a change of system as the only means left her to obtain aid and comfort from Europe. Nor can all her leaders be wholly blind to the fact that such a change of system would advance, in the end, beyond calculation, her material prosperity.

Suppose a declaration, to the effect that the government, urged by the necessity of self-preservation, takes, at a fair valuation, the slave property of the South! Will such a declaration cause a negro insurrection and indiscriminate assassination of whites throughout the slave States? The result, so far, has clearly shown that the negro, mild and long suffering, and often attached to his owner, is little disposed to resist, under an organization of his own. Once assured of freedom, he will gradually join our cause—that is all. He can then be hired as laborer or soldier, as may seem fit—payment being made for him if his master proves to be loyal, and his services being confiscated if these are due to a rebel. In all this we are clearly in our right.

Look now at the question in its foreign aspect, under the chances of European intervention. Be those chances great or small, intervention may occur, and that ere long.

If it occur, its character will chiefly depend upon what shall have been the antecedent action of our government in regard to slavery.

If, previously to such intervention, we shall have issued a general declaration of emancipation, then we shall stand before Europe as the champions of human liberty, while our enemies will be regarded as the advocates of human servitude. Public opinion in England, in France, and throughout Europe, generally, will then prevent the respective governments from intervening, except it be in our favor. No European government dare place itself in the attitude of a slavery protector.

If, on the contrary, we shall have left the issue as it now stands, our policy indicated only by the Confiscation Act, not broadly and boldly announced, and more especially if the South, despairing of saving her favorite institution, concedes, as the price of foreign recognition and support, a voluntary system of gradual emancipation—not at all an unlikely move—then the sympathy of public opinion throughout Europe will be with the South, and will sustain any action in her favor.

Think, too, in such an event, how false our position! how low we shall have fallen in the eyes of the world! how unenviable the place we shall occupy in history through all time!

It is idle gasconade to say that, thus situated, we can defy Europe. Let the South, by conceding emancipation, secure the sympathy and the permanent services of her four million of laborers, without action of ours; then throw into the scale against us the thirty million of England, the forty million of France—and who shall say how many tens of millions besides?—and what chance for success, or for reputation, shall we have, struggling for nothing nobler than self-existence, in equivocal attitude before the world, matched against opponents who shall have forestalled us and assumed the initiative of progress?

While the contest assumes no higher character than that of a portion of a great nation desiring a separation from the mother country and forcibly casting off its authority, what more sympathy can we expect from Europe than we ourselves gave to Spain when she lost Mexico, or to Mexico when Texas struck for independence? Until the issue is changed, so that the great question of human liberty becomes involved in it, we must expect from European powers at the best only indifference; coupled, probably, with the feeling that as Mexico succeeded against Spain and Texas against Mexico, so will a Southern Confederacy finally maintain itself against us.

That a declaration of emancipation was not issued a year ago, I do not regret. Great changes must mature in public opinion before they can be safely carried out. Extreme measures, to be justified and to be effectual, must often be preceded by long-tried conciliation. Yet in national emergencies it may be as dangerous to disappoint as to anticipate public opinion. And I confess my fears for the result if decisive measures are longer delayed.

Stand where we are we cannot; and to go on is less dangerous than to retrace our steps. We ought never to have proposed emancipation with compensation to loyal slave-owners, nor declared to the disloyal, as by law we have, that their slaves shall be liberated without compensation, if we did not intend to follow out the policy we commenced. We have incurred the odium; let us reap the benefit.

Nor do I perceive how we can free the slaves of rebels, yet reasonably expect to retain slavery in the Border States, even in case they persist in refusing the offer of the President. Having intervened so far, extirpation of slavery, the only effectual policy, becomes the safest, also.

All men in the North will not acquiesce. Neither did all acquiesce when the war was commenced; yet who that is loyal opposes it now? And what would have been the result had we waited, ere we commenced the war, for unanimity?

Some will fall off. So be it! There is small loss in that. And there is some gain. Better an open enemy than a worthless friend. It is time that men were taking sides. As things now stand I see no use in conciliating the half-loyal. He who is not for us is against us.

I think the people are ready. I believe that the loyal citizens of the North, with such small proportion of exceptions as in radical national changes must be disregarded, are to-day prepared for emancipation. They have paid for it in treasure, in blood: not by their option. They feel that the sacrifices they have made, and have still to make, are too vast to have been incurred, except in purchase of a great pledge of perpetual safety and peace.

Reflecting men feel, too, that such a pledge is a national, not merely a Northern, necessity. The South, exhausted and suffering, needs it to the full as much as we. She will soon perceive, if she does not already, that two parts of one nation, or even two coterminious nations, can never again exist in amity on this continent, one slave and the other free. She cannot but see that Fugitive Slave law difficulties, if no others existed, would suffice to prevent this.

It is not the question whether a paper declaration, easily issued, will or will not be followed by a thousand practical difficulties. The uprooting of an ancient and gigantic abuse always involves such. Nor should we be called upon to predict in advance (for who can entirely foresee?) how each of these will ultimately be solved. The true question is, whether greater difficulties, even insuperable ones, do not beset any other policy. Pressed home as we are, to avoid obstacles is impossible. We can but select the least formidable. The lives of the best of us are spent in choosing between evils.

When dangers surround us, we must walk, in a measure, by faith. Let us do what we can, and leave to God the issue. We may best trust to Him when we enter His path of progress. He aids those who walk in it.

I feel assured that final success awaits us in pursuing such a path. And I see no other road out of the darkness. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

New York, July 23, 1862.

SLAVERY OR THE NATION MUST DIE.

[A stirring war-meeting was held in Washington on Wednesday, Aug. 6, when resolutions that would have been condemned as "radical" a month before were adopted, and speeches were delivered by the President of the United States and other distinguished gentlemen. Hon. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, spoke as follows.]

* * * MY friends, Mr. Chittenden said he proposed one thing—to ferret out traitors. I propose to go one step further, and to ask you why there is treason, for without treason there could be no traitors; and for the first time that, in the free open air, I have spoken in the city of Washington, which hears the name of the father of my country, I will pronounce the words, if it had not been for slavery there would have been no treason (cries of "Good, good," "Hear, hear," and immense cheering). And when slavery shall cease to exist there will be no traitors (cries of "Good, good," and applause). That is the beginning and end of this war. Slavery in the beginning, freedom in the end—there is no other solution under the high Heaven; and as an American citizen, all the responsibilities resting upon me, treasuring as I do the memories and traditions of the past, I proclaim here, as one citizen of this republic, there is no peace until from the length and breadth of this republic the cry shall go up "Slavery, slavery has ceased!" (Cries of "Good, good," and cheering.) How, and when? These are questions that I submit to the President, in whom we confide, and his Cabinet; but I believe this—that the faster he and they march on towards the conclusion when slavery shall have ceased to exist, just to that extent they will merit the reward and gratitude of their countrymen and all mankind. My friends, I see here laborers—men who, with their bones and sinews, are to carry on this war. I have heard that in the city of Brooklyn, day before yesterday, there was a riot between the free white laborers and the colored men; so, also, in Cincinnati and elsewhere throughout the North. What is the solution of this difficulty between the whites and the colored race of the North? Freedom to the blacks. Then will they go from the North to the free territories of the South, to which by nature they belong. You should have made South Carolina and Florida free, and I would praise God with gratitude, such as has never yet swelled my heart. If to-night I could hear by the President's proclamation South Carolina and Florida were free, and dedicated to the black population of this country, the competition with the white laborers of the North would cease (loud applause). They would go to the cotton fields and rice plantations of the South that invite them, leaving to the free people of the North freedom from competition in labor. And, my friends, on the other hand, there are some who say, reconstruct the old Union, with the eleven seceded States introduced anew, with slavery. What, think you, would then happen? Will the slaves remain in the South? No, but they will escape by hundreds and millions to the North, and come into competition with the free laborers there. You can-

not doubt it. Humanity is against it. I have been in Cairo, Illinois, and they told me that they were all secessionists there about six months ago. Negroes run away and came there, and the secessionists and authorities and citizens could not carry these people back. Now, then, you have to take the choice—abolish slavery in these seceded States, and the negroes there, and carry them out of the North by the mild power of persuasion, or else allow the North to be overrun by escaped fugitives from the South; then get them a home; establish them on territory you have fought for, and they can have it as a home; and give us the North for the free white population of the North. Therefore I say, my friends, that this doctrine of emancipation in the eleven seceded States—immediate, unconditional, universal—is the solution of the difficulty of the war, and consequently the conclusion of peace. Now, my friends, what I have said has been based upon the wise and just proposition of the President—that in the loyal States compensation shall be made to loyal masters of all the slaves. And I would go still further. If in these eleven seceded States you can find men—slave owners—who have done, under the circumstances, all that could be reasonably expected, I would compensate them also. But never with my consent shall the treasury of this country be opened to compensate rebels for the loss of their slaves (applause, and cries of "No, no"). I wish to leave with you in the end a word offered in the beginning, and it is this—without slavery there would have been no treason, and without treason there would have been no traitors, no war. And upon slavery the responsibility lies for this enormous outlay and waste of men and money. Over the whole North there are mourning homes and desolate hearthstones; aged parents stricken down with sorrow, grief-penetrating young hearts. All is chargeable to this foul and infamous institution of human slavery; and if there be a God in Heaven, and if He be just, as we believe, we cannot imagine, with the instincts and perceptions I have, that He should ever look with favor upon a people twenty million strong struggling in their first faith to compel five million of rebel slaveholders and their associations in the South to be true to this flag and Constitution, and at the same time compel four million of slaves to be true to their rebel masters. I tell you it is a bigger work than you can accomplish. There is no power upon earth that can do it. These men of the South, instigators of the rebellion, controlling this government through the Administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, did not abandon the government through these eight years until the government was not strong enough to do one thing, and what was it? To maintain the institution of slavery. They stood by the government so long as they felt that the government was strong enough to maintain this institution. Now, what do the people of the North propose to have this Administration do? To put down this rebellion. Either the government is at an end or slavery must die. The time has come when men of all minds and conditions must take their choice whether these United States shall be sustained, and slavery allowed to go overboard, or otherwise. Slavery will last as long as the war, and the war as long as slavery, unless you take slavery by the throat and destroy it. Now, one more word. I belonged to the old Democratic party. It was a party of courage—of courage, from the time of Gen. Jackson to the administration of Franklin Pierce; and now what the country wants is to borrow—and I don't know anything better you can borrow from it than its lesson of courage. Let the truth be declared with courage and determination, then slavery shall cease, and this war be at an end. Then will the war cry be, "Slavery shall cease—slavery shall cease!" (Great applause.)

MR. GARRISON AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

[Williams College, at Williamstown, Berkshire Co. (the oldest Orthodox College in Massachusetts), not only holds a high literary rank, but has always been preëminent for conservatism. Its President, Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., is one of the Chief Rabbis of our American Israel, being President also of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Incredible as it may seem, one of the Literary Societies of this College chose for its orator this year WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, who not unwillingly accepted the appointment. His oration, which formed a part of the literary entertainment of Commencement week, was delivered on Monday, Aug. 4. The only account that we have seen of it is in the following extract from the correspondence of the Springfield *Republican*.]

THE address of Mr. Garrison, before the Adelphic Union Society, was a wonderfully calm, dispassionate and inoffensive representation of the speaker's well-known views on the subject of emancipation. He took for his subject "Our National Visitation"; and the timid people who expected all sorts of infidel propositions were pleasantly disappointed to hear a thoroughly Christian address, and one which contained a greater amount of direct quotations from the sacred Scriptures, we venture to say, than any sermon or oration that will find utterance in this town this week. To the great mass of the speaker's propositions I could respond a hearty "Amen," though there were points in which he was unfair and unjust, especially to the North. The address was wonderfully vitalized and wonderfully clear—without denunciation and without bitterness.

Ten years ago, Mr. Garrison said, the strength and security of the Union seemed infinite. Its dissolution seemed among the most improbable of all possible things. All declared that the Union must and should be preserved. To make it sure, Union-saving committees were organized, speeches were made, the shade of Washington was periodically invoked, and his farewell address repeated. Nothing was left undone to make the Union one and inseparable. Where is it now? Broken by the same Slave Power which dictated the terms of its formation, and there is no sign that its reëstablishment is possible. The speaker gave a most graphic and impressive picture of the present condition of affairs, and the awful change that had been wrought in the brief space of 20 months. The justice of God has been too strong for us, and brought us down to the dust. Let people say what they may as to what is the cause of all our calamities, it remains that this heavy judgment is from God. To attribute it to the ambition of Southern politicians, or to the work of the handful of Northern Abolitionists, is to insult the Divine Majesty.

The adherents of European monarchies say that Democracy has been a failure. It has not been a failure in America, because it remains yet to be tried here. Democracy embraces all men. The rule of slavery in this country is despotism, in its severest form. A Democratic slave State is as ridiculous an anomaly as an idolatrous Christian State. The American revolution was not a struggle for the rights of human nature, but for colonial independence. To this day, human liberty is not comprehended in this country. Half a million of slaves in '76 have swelled to four million in 1860; and nothing has been so unpopular, nothing has been so dangerous, for the last thirty years, as to advocate their emancipation. If to enslave a man on the shores of Africa be a piratical act, so is it in the slave States of America. If freedom is good for one man, it is good for all men.

In speaking of the dangers of emancipation, as they are believed in by the public, Mr. Garrison gave a long and interesting sketch of emancipation in St. Domingo and the British West Indies, and stated that all the facts and statistics which he gave, though trite and familiar to every Abolitionist, are unknown to the great masses of the American people, who really suppose that West India emancipation has been ruinous. The speaker held the South responsible for instituting the war. She had not a grievance. She had had everything her own way from the formation of the government, and still held things in her own hands. But the North is morally responsible, to a fearful extent, by its concessions, by its defenses of slaveholding, by its concessions, by its defenses of slaveholding, by its denunciations of the only class which has opposed the wrong, by pro-slavery mobs, and by the proscription of colored people upon our own soil. While the North is innocent of every crime which is charged upon it by the South, she must remember her past complicity with slavery. He thought that so far, however, the North had manifested very little penitence for her sins, and very little humiliation in view of them.

Mr. Garrison closed with a long plea for the immediate emancipation of the blacks, as the only means of ending the war. We could never have again the Union and the Constitution as they were. His arguments did not differ from those with whom he sympathizes, as they have been given to the public in newspapers, and the arguments themselves are nothing more, really, than assertions. The address was a strong and earnest thing, and given in admirable spirit. Indeed, I do not doubt that it will rank among the best of the week. It certainly, though thinly attended,* met with a hearty reception and response.

* The thin attendance was doubtless attributable, in part, to religious prejudice, the fruit of years of misrepresentation, but more still, probably, to the unusual circumstance, for such an occasion, that every auditor had to pay twenty-five cents before entering the church.—*Ed. Standard.*

MOVEMENTS OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.—There will be a shade of disappointment felt by those who hoped that the return of Cassius M. Clay would add to our army a live, fighting General, when they learn that, instead of entering the military service, he is about to resume his position as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. Probably Mr. Clay, whose opinions on the subject of emancipation are so well known, is convinced that the recent decision of President Lincoln and the present policy of the government would debar him from carrying out his own views, and would render his military system as obnoxious to the government as was that of Fremont. He is personally popular with the Czar Alexander, and at the Court of Russia can, under present circumstances, do better service to his country than in the field. Mr. Clay will return to Russia about the first of October. He has been earnestly invited to give public expression of his views on the present crisis, and will speak in this city on Thursday or Friday of this week. Mr. Cameron has already notified the government of his desire to leave Russia, and, indeed, it is well known that he only intended to fill the position of United States Minister at St. Petersburg for a few months, the appointment having been offered and accepted as a salve for the pain of his removal from the Cabinet.—*Eve. Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

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THE ONLY DELIVERANCE.

THE Abolitionists are prophets by virtue of their office. They have been exercising their gift of prophecy ever since they entered upon their apostleship, and, unlike many prophets, they have not waited until the events had happened before they foretold them. Their vaticinations have come but too truly to pass. Unwillingly have they given utterance to their Cassandra-like warnings, and told of the evils to come in the ears of a perverse and stiff-necked generation, but the power of truth was upon them and they could not prophesy smooth things even if they would. The secret of their gift of second sight does not lie in any supernatural illumination reserved only for anointed eyes, nor is it to be attributed to natural wisdom and sagacity far above the average of mankind. They have only honestly used the perceptive faculties which God has given them in common with all other men, undistorted by passion, prejudice or self-interest, upon the existing facts of the past and current history of their country, in the light of simple morality and the laws of God. And they could not help seeing the danger, if not the ruin, that was hidden under the deceitful shows of a false and hollow prosperity. And, like the prophets of old, they have been hated, villified and persecuted for telling their countrymen what must be the consequences of their conduct, as if they had thus brought these consequences on the nation!

The crisis in the affairs of the nation has come somewhat sooner than they thought, and not precisely in the shape in which they had expected it. Bloody and fierce as has been the conflict of passions and the collision of opinions, there has been more of vitality shown to exist at the North than their long watching of its course had made them believe to be possible. They could not divine the preternatural folly of the slaveholders in undertaking to compel by force of arms the supremacy over the nation they had long held, and might long retain, by policy and craft. Only a handful of South Carolina fanatics believed that the opening fire on Sumter was to be the signal of a civil war, to result in the separation of the slave States from the free. Intelligent slaveholders believed that the presence of civil war, the fear of which had extorted so many victories at Washington, would compel the submission of the North to such terms of reconstruction as should secure its dominion at the cost of free speech and a free press and every security of liberty which could militate against the safety or the comfort of slavery. Happily, the vampyre had not quite sucked away the life-blood of the North. There yet remained enough to rally a gigantic resistance to the schemes of the rebels, who were as much amazed at the development as if their black slaves had risen in organized and formidable rebellion against them. Neither Abolitionists nor slaveholders, the most intelligent observers of men and events, had fully understood the character of the North. They both believed that it had been more utterly robbed of its spirit and courage by its long subserviency to the South than it had been in fact. Whether it does retain enough of the persistent love of liberty, or even of the persistent wish for victory, to overcome the remains, the dregs, the *sequela* of that pestilence, which yet cripple its movements and threaten it with relapse and dissolution, is now the question on which its destiny hangs. The recent and passing events of our history afford materials for constructing a scheme of what is yet to come to pass, of casting the horoscope of the nation anew.

And the nation now stands at the junction of two futurities. Upon its choice of the path it will take depends the shape and color of the destiny it will find at the end of it. In a very brief time the hour for decision will have passed away, and its strength will have moulded events into victory and greatness, or its weakness will have delivered it up to be swept away by them to disgrace and ruin. What is the situation to-day, and what is the cause of it? Within a twelvemonth the nation has put at the disposal of its government an army not much short of three-fourths of a million, well equipped, provisioned, munitioned, and officered and drilled as well as the exigency and brevity of the time permitted. It placed all but unlimited funds at the disposal of the Cabinet. It naturally expected that great results would soon follow from these immense preparations. It believed that, as it had right on its side, it was sure of victory, and that speedily. We need not tell our readers that it has been disappointed. With a few brilliant victories, the final average has been one of virtual defeat. A few points on the seabord have been occupied and held, and barely held, through our naval superiority. The main army—that of the Potomac—has been forced to abandon its designs upon the Capital of the rebellion, and to take up a position in which an escape from surrender will be regarded as a happy success. The Border States, far from being heartily in the cause of the Union, are only held back from rebellion by martial law and the presence of troops, even while they are laid waste by the incursions of guerilla bands of the enemy. The great Western wing of the army has reaped no fruit from its first victories, has been outwitted by the superior generalship of the enemy, and is now divided into small commands, unequal to any great result. The President calls for six hundred thousand more men, thus more than rounding the million, and they are slow to come. Much as this may be deplored, it cannot be wondered at. Seven hundred thousand men are probably as many ready fighters as any nation of twenty million could easily furnish, excepting in case of actual invasion. And then there is the dire misgiving as to whether this immense additional army will be of any use for the conquest of the rebels. If the war is to be carried on as it has been, three million would only make failure more conspicuous. If it is to be carried on as war and not as alliance, and our men to be led against the enemy, instead of being used to protect his property and catch his slaves, the troops now in the field and soon to be there are enough to reduce the rebellious States to obedience and to hold them there.

However much we may abhor the men who have set this rebellion on foot, that slavery may be safe and great, we can no longer affect to despise them. Whatever great men, in council or in the field, this conflict has called forth, have been on their side, and not on ours. They have used the time which our delays have given them in animating and arming an immense army, and that out of materials far inferior to what we had to work with. They have armed and disciplined this army in a way mysterious to us, but all the more formidable for that. They have availed themselves of our pro-slavery folly and made their slaves an element of strength instead of weakness. They present a front to us far different from what we had been led to expect they ever could. And it is simple folly to deny that their chances of success are better at this day than at any former one of the last fifteen months. Six hundred thousand, nor a million, more men cannot secure their defeat, unless we can take from under them the main prop on which they lean. A guaranty of freedom to every slave coming within our lines would disorganize their whole system of labor. The terror, which broods over every slave country, of insurrection, would recall large bodies of men from the field to their homes. The heart of their army would be taken out of it, and the march of ours would be triumphant and easy, and it would leave behind it the seeds of freedom, intelligence and prosperity. This, even if no slave should join our ranks—a supposition the absurdity of which is written down in the history of what has been done in our despite by them, as well as in the records of human nature. This is the only path that can lead to success and make the United States the mighty nation we all wish them to be. This is the last hope of success, and if rejected, our failure is recorded on the scroll of destiny. That it will be resorted to we believe, only we fear that it may be delayed until it is too late. If it be deliberately refused in the present emergency, and the yet greater exigency impending, it will show that our government and Generals love the integrity of slavery more than that of the Union. This we cannot yet believe of the first, nor of all the last, in spite of the stupendous weakness and wickedness of the last twelvemonth. But if it be true, it is to be hoped that terms will be made with the rebels, before their successes shall give them the power of dictating them, and before the North is drained of more of its blood and gold. As we said two weeks ago, the Negro is master of the situation. In the scale of the rebellion he is making it incline Southwards; in that of the Union he would make the other kick the beam. And the day in which men can work to this end is short and is even now declining towards the night. And a black and hideous night it will be.

WILL THE NEGRO BE ALLOWED TO FIGHT?

IT was confidently affirmed last week, on the authority of various telegrams from Washington, that the President had determined, once for all, that negroes should be permitted to enter the army as laborers, but *not* as soldiers. This announcement was received with demonstrations of great joy by conservative and semi-loyal journals, which proclaimed it as a sure evidence that the President was inflexibly hostile to the schemes of the Radicals. Simultaneously, however, came the order of Gov. Sprague, calling for a regiment of negroes from Rhode Island, and promising himself to lead it to the field. That Gov. Sprague, a Conservative of the first water, should have issued such a call in opposition to the President's wish, or even without direct authority, seemed improbable; and people have suspected that, after all, Mr. Lincoln, if disposed not to take on himself the responsibility of organizing negro regiments, was at least not unwilling that the States should do it. This view of the matter is confirmed by later information from Washington. Says a correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date of Saturday last:

"What of the conference of Senators Pomeroy, Harlan, and Judge Wright with the President? This conference has not been correctly reported. Judge Wright found the President *at heart* fully up to the time. He did not say, 'Judge Wright, you shall never lead your colored regiments to battle while I am President.' He simply begged the liberal gentlemen to *wait*—wait till the public pulse beats warmer and more earnestly for the genuine salvation of the Union—wait till more troops can be thrown into Kentucky before you urge upon the Executive the promulgation of this new order of things. Judge Wright offered to lead these colored regiments, and the President *did not* say he should never be allowed to lead them to battle. The Judge came away satisfied—*pleased*—and with an exalted idea of the President and his shrewd but honorable policy.

"Judge Underwood, than whom there is no man more earnest in reform or truer to the principles of the Liberal party, was apprised of the results of this meeting at the White House, and his pleasure at the result has been manifest ever since.

"The President says, I knew this result must come, but I desire the State governments and not the National Executive to inaugurate the policy. Gov. Sprague, above all others the best calculated from his former patriotism and his conservative constituency, has inaugurated the policy, and the President to-day is as glad as if a weight of responsibility was lifted from his overburdened shoulders."

We hear that Gov. Sprague is proceeding with the organization of his black regiment, and that he may be expected to be seen leading it, ere long, down Broadway toward the seat of war. That will be a sight worth looking at. We believe it would call forth such cheers as never before hailed a procession in that great thoroughfare.

That Gov. Sprague is sustained by the public sentiment of Rhode Island, we need no other evidence than is afforded by the following remarks of the Providence *Journal*, the organ of the wealthy and conservative portion of the people, and the steady opponent of Radicalism of all sorts:

"We are sure that the order of the Governor which we published yesterday will be received with unusual satisfaction. Every man who wishes to put down the rebellion, to carry on the war with the greatest vigor and effect, will recognize the propriety of employing every class of men who are able to render service to the government which protects them. Of all the follies and absurdities which the kid-glove style of fighting has developed, nothing is more striking than the refusal to employ in the loyal States a class of men valuable for every service, and greatly superior for some, and the protection that has been afforded in the rebellious States to that species of property which was the original cause of the whole gigantic crime.

"There are cheering evidences that a better policy is to prevail in both directions, that we shall no longer refuse to accept the services of loyal men, for fear that a rebel might be shot by a man whose skin is not so white as his own, and that we shall no longer hold out a premium to disloyalty by extending equal protection to the property of loyal and of disloyal men, while the rebels burn and destroy the property of every loyal man within their reach. Of the employment of negroes in the Revolutionary war, of the valuable service which they rendered to our cause, and of the desperate valor with which they, on more than one occasion, illustrated our arms, we have already dwelt at length.

"The history of other nations is full of similar testimony. The English, the French, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Turks, the Portuguese, indeed, so far as we are informed, all nations that have colored men as subjects or citizens, have employed them in military service, as we have done in our previous wars. And now in a contest in which there is more reason for their employment than ever before, and in which they are largely employed against us, we have stood hesitating to take advantage of their proffered service. But we trust that this hesitation is over, and that we shall no longer reject the assistance of men who can render us such valuable aid.

"If Rhode Island has to sustain in this war a reputation which her conduct and valor have won for her in previous contests, the colored citizens of the State have their full share in the hereditary glory. The men whose ancestors, under the heroic Col. Greene, three times drove back the Hessians at the battle of Rhode Island, and who won the praise of Washington for their bearing on other occasions, will not enter the army of freedom and civilization without a name, and we are confident they will not leave it without doing credit to that name and entitling themselves anew to the thanks of their country."

The instructions of Gov. Andrew to the City and Town Assessors throughout the State of Massachusetts make it their duty to include the colored citizens as well as the white ones in the rolls of those subject to draft for the war.

It is understood that Gen. Lane of Kansas will fulfil his promise of enrolling such of the negroes of that State as may volunteer their services. In a speech lately delivered at Leavenworth he advocated this policy openly. He said:

"I have always believed that a decent white man was as good as any nigger. And the negroes are mistaken if they think white men can fight for them while they stay at home. We have opened the pathway. We don't threaten, but we have been saying that you would fight, and if you won't fight we will make you (laughter). Government has at last determined to turn the tiger loose; Gen. Halleck and every other General has so determined. I have always believed that within ninety days after we began to make war in earnest, the rebel armies would be dispersed. Terrible, devastating war is now to be prosecuted by the Union arms. No more watching rebel property, no more restoring rebel slaves, no more white men dying in trenches. Negroes are acclimated; they can work beneath a tropical sun. When a white man goes into a rice swamp he covers himself with broad brimmed hats; then he takes parasols, then umbrellas. Start a negro in with forty hats, and he will have them all off, and leave that wool that God has placed there for his protection (laughter). Go into the Niggerhominy, where thousands of our men perished in the trenches. Don't you think you could have overcome your love for the negro sufficiently to have allowed them to go there and work half the time? At Philadelphia the other day I heard a gentleman say: 'It is so horrible to let the negroes go in.' I said to him: 'You want to crush the rebellion; would you be willing to have a mule with steel-pointed shoes kick a rebel to death, and yet not be willing to have him shot by a nigger?' Why, I would rather be shot to death twice by a nigger than kicked to death once by a mule (cheers)."

Gen. Lane's style is not refined, but does he not talk sense? In the course of the same speech he said: "The President has determined that for the present the commissioned officers [of black regiments] shall be white men." This implies that he has authorized Gen. Lane to receive negroes as soldiers, and this we think, will turn out to be the truth.

A full regiment of colored soldiers from Chicago was tendered to Gov. Yates last week. *The Tribune* of that city, speaking on this subject, remarks: "Every white man drafted into the army while a negro volunteer is rejected or exempted goes to the war as that negro's substitute, without bounty." It charges the hesitation of the government about their employment to the Kentucky policy, and says that we are not saving the Union with our armies so much as we are saving slavery for the Border States.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

AT the war meeting lately held in Washington, three cheers were given for the President, and, after the band had played "Hail to the Chief," he, in response to impatient calls, advanced to the front of the platform and spoke as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion (applause)—but it is also true that there is no precedent for your being here yourselves (applause and laughter); and I offer, in justification of myself and of you, that upon examination, I have found nothing in the Constitution against it (renewed applause). I, however, have an impression that there are younger gentlemen who will entertain you better [VOICES—"No, no—none can do better than yourself—go on!"], and better address your understanding than I will or could, and therefore I propose but to detain you a moment longer. [CRIES—"Go on! Tar and feather the rebels!"] I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it. [A VOICE—"You do that; go on."] The only thing I think of just now not likely to be better said by some one else, is a matter in which we have heard some other persons blamed for what I did myself. [VOICES—"What is it?"] There has been a very wide-spread attempt to have a quarrel between Gen. McClellan and the Secretary of War. Now, I occupy a position that enables me to believe, at least, that these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some presuming to be their friends (cries of "Good"). Gen. McClellan's attitude is such that, in the very selfishness of his nature, he cannot but wish to be successful, and I hope he will, and the Secretary of War is precisely in the same situation. If the military commander in the field cannot be successful, not only the Secretary of War, but myself, for the time being the master of them both, cannot be but failures (laughter and applause). I know Gen. McClellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, and both of them together no more than I wish it (applause and cries of "Good"). Sometimes we have a dispute about how many men Gen. McClellan has had, and those who would disparage him say he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that Gen. McClellan has had a very small number. The basis for this is, there is always a wide difference, and on this occasion perhaps a wider one, between the grand total on McClellan's rolls and the men actually fit for duty, and those who would disparage him talk of the grand total on paper, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War talk of those at present fit for duty. Gen. McClellan has sometimes asked for things that the Secretary of War did not give him. Gen. McClellan is not to blame for asking for what he wanted and needed, and the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving when he had none to give (applause, laughter, and cries of "Good"). And I say here, so far as I know, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing at any time in my power to give him (wild applause, and a VOICE—"Give him enough now!"). I have no accusation against him. I believe he is a brave and able man (applause), and I stand here, as justice requires me to do, to take upon myself what has been charged upon the Secretary of War as withholding from him. I have talked longer than I expected to do (cries of "No, no; go on"), and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying no more.

We find no fault with anything in this speech, but we cannot help saying that, as a whole, it is not such a speech as the President of the United States should have made on such an occasion. It might well enough have formed an incidental paragraph in an address from his lips; but that he should have confined himself, on such an occasion, to merely personal topics, is to be regretted. Why did he not enunciate some noble principle, and stir the heart of the nation by words full of the inspiration of liberty?

We might say more on this topic, but must content ourselves with referring to some very striking observations, with which we heartily accord, in an article on the fourth page, by Henry Ward Beecher.

ANGLO-AFRICAN INDUSTRY AND ART.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the colored people of this country are making arrangements for holding, in this city, the coming autumn, "the First National Exhibition of African Industry and Art." The Exhibition will comprise the following articles: Steam engines and other machinery; organs and musical instruments generally; oil paintings, water-colors, engravings, ambrotypes, photographs, etc.; carriages and every description of vehicles; agricultural implements; furniture of every finish; inventions; cooking and other utensils; carpentry, ship and house painting; jewelry and ornaments of every kind; wearing apparel, male and female; regalia and costume of every description; perfumery and hair preparations; wax and hair work; embroidery and other needle-work; specimens of husbandry; domestic and fancy cookery; confectionery, etc.

The exhibition will open on Wednesday, Oct. 1st, and continue until the close of the month. On the opening of the exhibition, the following exercises will be had: 1. Remarks by the President of the Association, Edward M. Thomas, Esq. 2. Prayer. 3. Music. 4. Opening Address by Frederick Douglass, Esq. 5. Music. 6. An original poem by Prof. William J. Wilson. 7. Music. 8. Benediction. On every evening during the Exhibition there will be a concert, lecture, or some other entertainment. Circulars furnishing further particulars will be forwarded on application to the office of *The Anglo-African*. All persons interested in the enterprise are earnestly solicited to subscribe without delay for stock in the Association. The shares are $5 each, fifty per cent. to be paid on subscribing, and the balance on or before the 1st of September. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, John Peterson, Esq., 7 York st., New York.

From The Chicago Journal.

One of Wendell Phillips's Falsehoods Exposed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, we are very sorry to see, is traversing the New England States and trying to discourage enlistments by talking in bitter terms against some of the Generals in the field and against the members of the government at Washington. He is doing his utmost to get up a revolution at the North against the United States.

One of the statements that he makes in his seditious speeches with particular emphasis, is that "the officers of the Illinois Central Railroad at Chicago, who know Gen. McClellan intimately, informed him that the General is a man of no decision of character—that he can never say no to anybody." The leading officers of the Central Railroad, without solicitation, have written the following statement, which they request us to publish, putting a quietus to Wendell Phillips's false assertion:

To the Editor of the Chicago Evening Journal.

It appears in the newspapers that Wendell Phillips stated at a public meeting, in Boston, that the "management" of the Illinois Central Railroad has said to him that Gen. McClellan could not say No! Indirectly similar remarks are attributed to us in relation also to the President.

We, the undersigned, Directors of the Illinois Central Company, DECLARE THAT WE DO NOT KNOW WENDELL PHILLIPS—HAVE NEVER EXCHANGED A WORD WITH HIM; HAVE NEVER HAD ANY COMMUNICATION WITH HIM—IN FACT, HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM.

W. H. OSBORN, President,
J. M. DOUGLAS, Resident Director,
W. R. ARTHUR, Gen'l Sup't.

Chicago, August 9, 1862.

These men, in their zeal to bring a charge of falsehood against Mr. Phillips, have only made themselves ridiculous. Their certificate contradicts nothing that Mr. Phillips said. His language, phonographically reported (see first page), was this:

"I said to the bankers and the directors of railroads in Chicago, 'Is McClellan a man who can say no?' and they said, 'Banks we had only a few months; we don't think much of him; but to every question you asked, he would say yes or no in sixty minutes. McClellan never answered a question while he was here. If there was a question to be decided, he floated until events decided it. He was here months, and he never decided a single question that came up in the management of the Illinois Central.'"

Since the signers of the above card cannot pretend to be the *only* "bankers and directors of railroads in Chicago," we do not see that their declaration of non-acquaintance with Mr. Phillips proves anything save their own folly. Mr. Phillips's reputation for integrity is too well established to be injured by men whose zeal to assail him is such that they did not even wait for an authentic report of what he said.

The certifiers are still further out of the way in assuming that Mr. Phillips referred to them as authority for what he said of the President. These were his words:

"I asked the lawyers of Illinois, who had practised law with Mr. Lincoln for twenty years, 'Is he a man of decision, is he a man who can say no?' They all said, 'If you had gone to the Illinois bar, and selected the man least capable of saying no, it would have been Abraham Lincoln. He has no stiffness in him.'"

We think the three officers of the Illinois Central will hardly pretend that they have authority to speak for "the lawyers of Illinois." Their certificate is therefore void for irrelavency.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11, 1862.

I THINK I can write more encouragingly this week, and that, too, in spite of the fact that Mr. Lincoln has issued no proclamation to the slaves of rebels in accordance with the Confiscation and Emancipation Act, and in spite of the fact that he has declined to accept colored regiments. There is great encouragement in the fact that the President is alarmed, and is trying to do his best to save the nation. There is encouragement in the fact that the President came out and attended the war meeting here the other day, at which some splendid anti-slavery talking was done. I am inclined sometimes to hope and to believe, that the closing paragraphs of the speech of the Hon. Mr. Swett of Illinois on that occasion expressed exactly the views of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Swett, it must be remembered, is the intimate friend of the President, and has doubtless talked this whole matter over with him many times, and for hours at a time. Let me quote the significant sentences of the close of that speech, at the risk of bringing it a second time to the notice of your readers. Mr. Swett said:

"Every man who speaks is expected to say something of the politics of this war. I do not intend to do it (cries of 'Good'). Because I say put down this rebellion, and, in the language of Scripture, 'All these things shall be added unto you' (laughter). He that runs may read. When you fight these rebels, don't do it with gloves. Use all the power and facilities which God and your own ingenuity have given you to crush out this unholy rebellion. *Shrink from nothing.* Everything that you can use should be contributed to bring about this result. Seize hold of it. Walk to victory, and settle all these minor details afterward (cries of 'Good, good,' and applause). A little boat that is launched upon the waves of the ocean, trusting to the drifts of its tide, never comes back and lands at just where it was launched; neither does the great nation that embarks upon the sea of rebellion and revolution land where it started (cries of 'That's so'). *We will not land where we started.* [A VOICE—'I hope not.'] But as a young man who starts out in early life need not during his youth needlessly worry himself by desiring to know where age shall find him; let him walk every day in the paths of rectitude, trusting in his God, and he will land right in the end (applause). So with this people in its terrible trial. I cannot look down the long vista of time and see the end. No man can. I can only gather around my own heart the courage that my nature is capable of enlisting. You can only do the same, trusting to God, to your energies, and the right, to carry you safely through. If we will gloriously and safely do the right, use all the means in our power, then will He guide us safely through to the end."

This really means that Mr. Swett expects that the war will overthrow slavery. Does Mr. Lincoln expect so? I believe he does. But he certainly errs in not crushing it at once by crushing slavery. It is undeniably a very harsh measure to resort to the odious draft. Gloze it over as our newspapers may, it is a harsh measure, and one that England has not resorted to for many years. It is perfectly justifiable to resort to it, to save a nation from destruction, but is it right and expedient to do so while the nation could save itself in a much easier way? That is the question. Three hundred thousand men will have volunteered by the 20th of this month. There is no doubt of it. Besides that tremendous force the government proposes to draft three hundred thousand more. This is well. But it might be avoided. All that we want is a few half-decent Generals, and a simple, uniform, but effective policy. We should then have about seven hundred thousand troops in the field, and, by making allies of our natural friends, they would sweep everything before them. It should be remembered in these civilized days there are many ways in which a country can destroy itself. One of these ways is through financial mismanagement. It is easy to talk of keeping a million or a million and a half of men in the field—the question is how are we to pay them? Merely putting an enormous army into the field will not necessarily put down the rebellion. With leaders and management it might have been put down long ago.

One thing is setttled. We are all in the same ship, and must make the best of the Captain. We can use our influence over him to try to make him take the right chart. But we must follow him, and do our duty under him.

In the course of this correspondence I have said some sharp things of the President. I still think he lacks the qualities of a leader, but perhaps that is not his fault so much as his misfortune. From many things I have seen of late I am compelled to the conclusion that he has earnestly tried to do right. I believe he would gladly say the right thing respecting slavery if he could be convinced what that is. Here is the difficulty. He sees not only anti-slavery Senators and Representatives, not only radical Governors, but men like Holt, Seward, Bates, the leading Unionists of Maryland, of Kentucky and Missouri. He is eminently a complaisant man. He labors hard to avoid injustice to any man, to any State or section. Here is his constant danger. Revolutionary times do not require good-natured men half as much as they do wilful, headstrong ones. Jackson was a tyrant. It is the fashion to worship him nowadays, but he was a better man for revolutionary times than those of peace. The sentiment of the people is *so* strong, so decided that I have faith yet that Mr. Lincoln will *fully* yield to it, as he certainly has *partially* already.

I am sorry to notice in certain quarters a cry for "a military dictatorship." Some one indites a paragraph stating that the people are ready to make Mr. Lincoln Dictator. Dozens of respectable journals copy it without dissent. What evil days have we fallen upon! Are we to go down to universal ruin, to use the language of Theodore Fay, who is here, "for the lust of dominion and power"? For, unless the government strikes *for freedom*—it simply strikes for power and dominion. It has a perfect right to do the latter. Any Government has the right to try and perpetuate its existence, and to preserve the territorial integrity of the country it governs. There are limits, however, to the struggle. Merely for territorial integrity it has no right under heaven to involve a whole nation in ruin. But suppose it be fighting to free a whole people. The question changes at once in all its varied aspects.

A friend of mine conversed with the President for a long time, a few days since. The slavery topic was under discussion. He came away convinced of three things—first, that Mr. Lincoln *means* to do his duty—second, that he *does not* do his entire duty—and third, that there is strong reason to believe that he is progressing in the right direction, and that he will eventually do what is right.

Three hundred thousand new men will be in the field before the month is ended. Then, if another three hundred thousand be drafted, we shall by the first of October have an additional three hundred thousand ready for duty. This will make in all about one million of armed men fighting for the Union. What will the government do with them? Have we any Generals fit to lead them? Will they be permitted to lie idle all winter? Is Gen. McClellan's stupid, defensive policy ever to prevail? These are the questions ever occurring in one's mind. It is understood here that Gen. Halleck will push matters with great rapidity. He certainly *talks* that way. But it is not like himself, if we judge him in his Western campaign, to do any very lively things. But recent events have quickened him, and perhaps enlarged his faculties. But the fact is, Halleck has always been known as a man of brains. He is not so afflicted with "mud on the brain" as McClellan is.

Permit me once more to say a word in favor of Mr. Chase. I believe he is *always* true to the great cause. He sees clearly down into the deeps of our trouble, and he is logical. The anti-slavery men of the country may feel certain that he is always true, and does not hesitate to avow his opinions faithfully in high quarters. If he is not listened to, it is not his fault. He *is* listened to with respect always, but it is sad for the country that his advice is not always followed.

There is a lull in the excitement respecting foreign intervention. Nobody here seems now to fear it. It is pretty certain that England and France will "wait a little longer." Even Mr. Seward is said to be easy over the prospect. There will be no foreign war for the present. Indeed I believe England means to let us fight this quarrel out ourselves, if we will only behave ourselves. In the face of a million of men, and any number of iron-clads, it is hardly possible that France, military people as she is, would venture upon interference.

In military matters I can quote the opinion of a well-known General, that if we escape a great disaster this and next months, all will be well. It will then be too late for us to suffer at the hands of the rebels. They will then have to begin their retreat Southward, and the army of one milion will be after them. A single word on slavery, and that the right one, would save us now, and would have rendered a draft totally unnecessary. The prejudices of the people prevented its being said, and they must suffer the consequences. AVON.

OBITUARY.

HENRY GREW.

In Philadelphia, a few minutes before 7 o'clock, on Friday evening, Aug. 8, ended, gently and peacefully, the mortal life of Rev. HENRY GREW, aged 80 years. We hope to receive, from some one better acquainted with him than we can claim to have been, a suitable tribute to his memory; meanwhile, we will say, that the anti-slavery cause never had a more unselfish and devoted friend than Father Grew. He espoused that cause in its very beginning, and remained faithful to it "even unto death." In his character, gentleness and childlike simplicity were combined with unbending firmness and integrity. Faithful, under all circumstances, in testifying against wrong, his rebukes were always tempered with kindness to the wrong-doer. His patience under trials was remarkable, and all who knew him instinctively said, "Behold a Christian indeed, in whom is no guile."

—Since the above was in type, we have received a letter, from which we are permitted to make this extract:

"We have just returned from the funeral of our venerable friend, Rev. Henry Grew. It was an interesting and impressive occasion. Addresses, from J. M. McKim, Mr. Green, Rev. Mr. Stewart, Dr. Child, Lucretia Mott, and Rev. Mr. Campbell, bore witness to his remarkable conscientiousness, his disinterestedness, his free and discriminating charity, his consistent advocacy of the brotherhood of man, his careful and conscientious rejection of the produce of the unpaid toil of the slave, and the peaceful death which has closed this long and useful life of 80 years. We feel that a good man has departed from among us—a good man and a minister of good."

HANNAH WEBB.

From The [London] Anti-Slavery Advocate for August.

Died at Greenfield, Kilgobbin, County of Dublin, on Wednesday, 16th July, HANNAH WEBB, the beloved wife of Richard D. Webb, aged 52 years and 7 months. Her death was occasioned by an attack of rheumatic fever, which became complicated with an affection of the heart, and was attended with difficulty of breathing and extreme prostration.

As she was warmly interested in the anti-slavery cause, and was widely known and beloved by its friends on both sides of the Atlantic, a brief tribute to her memory may not be inappropriate in a periodical which has always been greatly indebted to her supervision and nice powers of discrimination.

It is difficult to speak of her in terms which to those unacquainted with her will not appear extravagant, yet it is but the simple truth to say that a kinder and more guileless heart, a sweeter temper, greater forgetfulness of self, a tongue more innocent of pain to others, a soul more full of sympathy for the sufferings of her fellow creatures are possessed by few. So innate was her spirit of self-abnegation that the only pain she caused to others arose from her neglecting to take that care on her own behalf which till the last day of her life was anxiously extended to those around her. She afforded a striking proof that a highly endowed intellect, and great powers of literary application are consistent in woman with the most prompt and scrupulous exercise of all the duties of domestic life. The minutest details of her household, the claims of the needy and the suffering, and the duties she owed to her immediate family and her distant friends were never neglected.

Having a very retentive memory and a strong love for poetry, her mind was stored with an inexhaustible treasure of apt quotations from favorite authors, with which she was wont to illustrate any subject that came before her, rendering her conversation singularly easy and fascinating.

Her *faith* was supreme that God disposes all things for the ultimate benefit of all; her *hope* was lively that the right will finally be triumphant on earth; her *charity* was bounded neither by race, creed, nor condition.

The following eloquent tribute, by Mr. John Stuart Mill, to the memory of his deceased wife, strongly impressed the present writer many years ago, as being entirely applicable to the subject of this notice: "While she was the light, life, and grace of every society in which she took part, the foundation of her character was a deep seriousness, resulting from the combination of the strongest and most sensitive feelings with the highest principles. All that excites admiration when found separately in others seemed brought together in her: a conscience at once healthy and tender; a generosity, bounded only by a sense of justice which often forgot its own claims, but never those of others; a heart so large and loving, that whoever was capable of making the smallest return of sympathy always received tenfold; and in the intellectual department, a vigor and truth of imagination, a delicacy of perception, an accuracy and nicety of observation, only equalled by her profundity of speculative thought, and by a practical judgment and discernment next to infallible."

PEYTON C. WYETH.

From The Tribune.

PEYTON C. WYETH, the eminent artist and genial friend, is no more. His failing health carried him, in the hope at least of staying the hand of death, to the Barbadoes, where he died, at the residence of Edward Trowbridge, Esq., the accomplished and generous Consul of the United States, on the 15th of July last. A thorough student of the art of painting, in its literature and matchless works, whether ancient or modern, whether in Italy, France, Holland, Germany, the British Isles or America—he was familiar with them all, and personally knew their cotemporary authors and artists. Such an acquaintance so educated his mind that he believed the Ideal far transcended the Natural in beauty and perfection—and it was a pleasure to hear him express his sentiments with his own vigor and felicity, which could only be excelled by the ease and grace of his manners. In the midst of his studies he found time to perform the ordinary duties of life; and no one can charge him with

"Deed ungentle or word unkind."

Kindness and fellow-feeling ruled him in outdoor life without regard to the position or color of the person; and it can be truthfully said of him, that he was just while he was generous. He gave much attention to severe studies of the intellect, even with the brush and pallet lying near him in his studies—for the character of his mind was that of deep reflection and close reasoning; and it is no more than just to the deceased to record that the accidental forms of life, whether in society or government, were easily separated by him from the essential and exposed with all their folly and wrong. What a pleasure and solace to the living friends and relatives (especially to that devoted sister whose soulful care smoothed his last moments) to treasure up the remembrance of such a mind and heart; and, while thus encircling his name with an imperishable halo of transparent beauty, to know that he died

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We add to the above that Mr. Wyeth was a true-hearted Abolitionist, and for many years a subscriber to THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*.

WILLIAM G. SEWELL.

From The Evening Post.

MR. WILLIAM GRANT SEWELL, for some ten years past connected with the press of this city, and for some time one of the editors of the New York *Times*, died in Quebec on Saturday last, the 9th instant, of pulmonary consumption, from which he has been suffering for several years. Mr. Sewell was best known in this country and in Europe by his able and elaborate work on the results of emancipation and the condition of the freed men in the British West Indies. "The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West India Islands" was the result of a careful and impartial investigation into the condition of the blacks in Jamaica and the other British West Indies, made by Mr. Sewell during a journey and residence in those isles. It contains a mass of facts and testimony extremely valuable, both for their completeness and the intelligence with which they are grouped; and the work attracted attention, as soon as published, in Europe as well as in this country.

Mr. Sewell died young, in his thirty-third year. He was a native of Quebec, a grandson of Chief Justice

well, but was an American in sentiment and heart. He was educated for the bar, but preferred literature as a profession, and did a man's work in the few years which he was permitted to use his abilities and attainments. His loss will be lamented not only by his family, but by numerous friends, whom his quiet and amiable character, his irreproachable life and his acquirements had secured him in this city and elsewhere.

New Publications.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS. } Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.
TRAGEDY OF SUCCESS. }

To ensure the general reading of long poems it is necessary that their writers should have pleased the public with many short ones; also, that they should not attempt a drama, the shape in which poetry is least vendible to the average American citizen. That complex elaborate music, which can only find expression through the delicate channels of a highly artificial form, cannot touch the mass of men and women like a simple feeling running to melody in the common dialect. Thus, while we cannot doubt the exquisite pleasure that the Tragedy of Errors and its sequel will give certain readers—readers who meet the poet with an imagination and culture not wholly passive—we are aware that the popularity of these writings can hear no relation to their decided merit. Neither the interest of the story nor the matter of the verses are of that *taking* variety demanded at circulating libraries.

But, having made this allowance, we do not fear to commend these dramas too warmly. Their design is to exhibit in highly poetical form certain social and moral characteristics of American slavery. And some of the more subtle results of that malignant venom in our body politic are given with descriptive ability of a rare order. Wonderfully free are these two tragedies from the usual effects (we do not care to write *defects*) of feminine writers deservedly admired. The emotion does not vent itself in the jerk and dash of extravagant adjectives, but flows with the resistless force of a deep and silent current. Few modern poems, approaching these in excellence, have been so exempt from that superficial glitter of diction which sooner or later entices its follower over the perilous edge of pathos, or into the arid region of dogmatism. In a word, the writer's power has the unusual charm of being an *easy* power. The impression is not of a spasmodic energy brilliantly uncomfortable to its recipient, but of a calm insight directed by an intelligence of exquisite refinement.

Whatever may be thought of the probability of incidents in these dramas, they are thoroughly true in the only matter of importance: they present the recognized attributes of slavery in striking and instructive relations. Though the plot occasionally seems to border on extravagance, we meet passages of minute fidelity to nature almost unequalled in our literature. We resist the temptation to quote effective scenes and situations, thinking such treatment unfair both to the writer and reader of a dramatic work; but we venture to appropriate two exquisite lyrics that may give an idea of the more transferable beauties.

"Who is richer than the singer?
Though he have not lands nor gold,
Yet the wealth his fancies hold
Is more than miser ever told.
Who is richer than the singer?
Is it, then, the foolish clinger
To the treasures of the ground,
With long toil and stooping found,
And which, gathered, are to keep
At cost of joy and cost of sleep?
Ask their owner which most hard,
To earn his thousands or to guard?
[*Interlude.*
Ah, the singer's treasures rare
Come without his thought or care!
It is ordered, everything
Shall to him a tribute bring.
And he sits a tranquil king,
With his realm about him spread,
While the gentle and the dread,
The uncomely and the fair,
The abounding and the bare,
With a smile or with a frown,
Duly lay their offering down.
Joyful sunshine, mournful shade,
False abyss and open glade,
Wasting flood and fertile shower,
Blasted trunk and budding flower,
Glaring sand-plain, forest dim,
Gentle hill-slope, rock-cliff grim,
All must minister to him.
Breezes on the bending grass
Leave a token as they pass;
Floating islands of the sky
Waft a gift as they sail by;
Silver brooklets, chiming sweet,
Lay their music at his feet;
Watchers by the brooded nest
Give the gladness of their breast;
Shedding rose and fading leaf
Make an offering of their grief:
No shape or life in earth or space
But knows him there and does him grace.
[*Interlude.*
Has the singer greater pain
To keep his fortune than to gain?
How should he from riches part
Who has his treasury in his heart?
* * * * * * *
Who is rich, if not the singer?
Is he not the joyful bringer
Of the best things mortals know?
How should he such gifts bestow,
If Heaven had not loved him best
And made him richer than the rest?
[*Interlude.*
What would you have known of Beauty,
If the singer had not brought
Down from heaven that pearly thought?
How learned you the name of Duty?
Did that diamond pure and fine
Not lie buried in its mine,
Until his divining dream
Opened the secret of its gleam?
Your existence, rudely wrought
Of coarse iron, being fraught
With the light those jewels shed,
Seemed from that hour with silver spread.
[*Interlude.*
Lands and gold
Make hard and cold.
But the singer's wealth makes tender.
He can be a liberal spender,
Nor yet see his storehouse bare.
When the poor have had their share,
Still he has, and has to spare.
Shut out none
With walls of stone!
All may rob him at their pleasure;
For when all enjoy his treasure,
Still it is not less his own."

The second represents the wailing utterance of slaves at the death-bed of their master.

"Where is the tree? To-day it stood
The fairest glory of the wood,
So high its top, so wide its root.—
The Lord came by and looked for fruit!

"O tree, thy haughty head is sunk!
No longer may thy hollow trunk
Stretch its false branches to the sky:
Where thou hast fallen thou must lie!

"The early and the latter rain
Shall strike thy crisping leaves in vain,
Nor sun nor wind shall do thee good:
It is too late to grow new wood.
Thou hadst thy springtide and thy prime:
They passed, and there is no more time!

"O soul! thou heard'st the Master call,
And thought'st it soon to give up all:
There were yet time to seek His ways
After a length of prosperous days.

"The hopes of this world's children pass
Like wayside herb or housetop grass,
Wine spilled before it reach the cup,
Corn blasted ere it be grown up.

"Now, sinner, must thy fleeting day
Count with things waste and thrown away.
Its course is run. Beneath the sod
There is no time to work for God:
No time for work, lost soul! and yet
Eternity for vain regret!"

It must be acknowledged that the nobility and harmony of these extracts come from the genuine inspiration which produces what is highest in poetry. And we cannot doubt that these dramas, based upon the most vital human interest of our country, will take a place in its permanent literature. For the writer is strong enough to dismiss all shackles of conventional prettiness, and to strike boldly into the essentials of things. Had the graceful narrative of The Obscure Man, and the succeeding poems of which we have inadequately spoken, been given to the public in the less vivid days when they were written, a fuller recognition would have been accorded them. At present they remind us that our country had once the opportunity of peaceful salvation through repentance, and that salvation is now offered only with the bloody scourge of discipline, and in the bitterness of sacrifice. *

MR. OWEN'S LETTER.—The Letter of Robert Dale Owen to the Secretary of War, advocating the entire abolition of slavery as the only effectual means of putting down the Southern rebellion (see first page) must be regarded as a remarkable sign of the great change wrought in public opinion within the last few months. Mr. Owen has long been a prominent member of the Democratic party, and we are not aware that he ever protested against any of its pro-slavery measures. During the winter of 1860–61, he wrote and spoke in favor of compromise in order to avert a civil war. Such men are not likely to be far in advance of public opinion, and when we find him, a resident of Southern Indiana, calling for emancipation, we can't help thinking that the day of jubilee is at hand.

A FEW WORDS OF CHEER.

THE following letter, originally intended only for our private perusal, is now published with the writer's consent. We believe there are thousands—some ministers and many laymen—to whom THE STANDARD would be a welcome guest, if their mistaken prejudices against it could only be removed.

CADIZ, Ohio, July 18, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I AM a clergyman of the United Presbyterian Church. I tell you this only for the sake of what follows. When Mrs. Abby K. Foster was on a lecturing tour through our country, some year and a half ago, she persuaded me to take THE STANDARD. I did it rather reluctantly, I confess, for though I have been thoroughly and radically anti-slavery since before I commenced the exercise of my ministry, over six years ago—too radical to vote for poor Abraham Lincoln, "a reed shaken with the wind"—so radical as to "desecrate" the pulpit with it, and drive off people from the Church with "Abolition preaching"—and consequently wished you, from my heart, all success in your crusade against slavery, I was a little shy about the "Infidel concern," and consequently I kept an eye out when the paper came for the "cloven foot" which tradition says the devil can't conceal. But I have been happily disappointed. Whatever your theological views may he in detail, upon the great truths of God's moral government, as evolved in our national troubles—and these only I know—I am in agreement with you. God is most certainly in this war. The great overshadowing iniquity for which it is sent is manifestly, in a preëminent sense, slavery. God's retributive providence is sweeping the nation, the President, the people, whither they would not. The speedy end of slavery is sure. But what of us? Will God accept of a forced obedience at our hands, and remove the rod of his anger? I think not. He will make us come and bow down, and beg the bondman to depart as he did in Egypt. We are fighting upon an issue in which we cannot win—the perpetuation of the *Union as it was*, slavery included, *if we can; emancipation if we must*. Hence God has turned the counsel of our Generals into foolishness.

Such is your position, well chosen, and adhered to with fidelity. THE STANDARD has become a welcome guest with me. I hope the day is at hand when its existence shall no longer be demanded, by the issue that called it forth at least. But that day is not yet. Inclosed please find two dollars, with which you will credit me and accept these few words of cheer from an unknown well-wisher. And may God give you wisdom and grace to be faithful.

I fear our national day of grace is short, and that God is now offering us the last opportunity He will afford us at saving the country.

Yours truly, J. S. MCCREADY.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.—The New York *Times* is far from being an Abolition journal, but in its observations upon the Brooklyn riot, it bears testimony to the good character of our colored population in terms which should put their traducers to shame:

"There is no class of persons in this community more quiet, orderly, peaceable, respectful, and even courteous, than the colored people. Their habits of industry are, as a general thing, and considering their opportunities, highly creditable; the annals of crime show, that neither among the foreign nor native-born white citizens is there any class or nationality as free from offences against the laws; and though here, as elsewhere throughout the world, the struggle for life is with them a hard one, they bear their burdens with a patience which none but a brute could take advantage of—none but a devil could insult them for. The present riots, neither here nor in Cincinnati, nor anywhere throughout the West that they have occured, can find any excuse whatever in the character of the negroes."

REV. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET, Pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in this city, delivered a discourse on Sunday evening last in the nature of an appeal to the people in behalf of the persecuted colored citizens of the free States. His remarks, which were exceedingly pertinent and forcible, were suggested by the recent anti-negro riots in Brooklyn and Cincinnati.

WE reluctantly postpone till next week a report, kindly furnished us, of the Celebration of West India Emancipation at Red Rock.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

A battle—one of the severest of the whole war—was fought at Cedar Mountain, near Culpepper Court House, Va., between the advanced force of Pope, under Gen. Banks, and Stonewall Jackson. The force of the enemy engaged is estimated at 20,000, while our own, exclusive of cavalry and artillery, did not exceed 7,000. Although our forces suffered severely, proofs are not wanting that the enemy suffered much more heavily; and significant of these proofs is the fact that they sent a flag of truce to our lines, asking permission to bury their dead. On Monday, moreover, Jackson acknowledged his defeat by retreating across the Rapidan.

A dispatch is said to have been received by the rebel Secretary of the Navy from Gen Van Dorn, announcing that the great ram Arkansas, which recently so coolly proceeded through our fleet above Vicksburg, knocking our vessels right and left, and which subsequently defied persistent efforts to destroy her, has suffered the fate of the Merrimac—been blown up, and now lies in shattered fragments at the bottom of the Mississippi. According to the dispatch, she left Vicksburg on Monday to coöperate in an attack on Baton Rouge. After passing Bayou Sara, which is only about thirty-five miles above Baton Rouge, her machinery became disabled, and before it could be adjusted several of our gunboats attacked her, and after some resistance she was abandoned and destroyed, as above stated.

An intercepted letter written to his brother by the redoubtable Gen. Pillow, expresses great anxiety regarding the fate of the negroes. He fears that the South, in achieving its independence, will lose one thousand million dollars worth of slaves, and advises crowding the negroes into the South with the greatest expedition. He also urges his brother to do all he can to make the negroes believe that all of them who fall into Federal hands will be sent to Cuba.

The Army and the Negroes.

THE FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The following is a copy of an order lately issued by the Colonel of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, CAMP AT DRAYTON'S, August 1, 1862.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS No. 33: The Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in announcing that FREE papers will soon be issued to those *faithful soldiers* who have steadfastly stood by their colors and performed with willingness and alacrity the duties of a soldier. They have shown by their prompt and willing obedience to the orders of their officers, and by their fidelity in the discharge of the various duties of camp, *that they deserve to* BE FREE; and the Colonel Commanding hopes that their conduct hereafter will justify the exercise of the authority which has made them FREE MEN. By order of
JAMES D. FESSENDEN, Colonel Commanding.
Lieut LUTHER G. RIGGS, Adjutant.

The following is a copy of one of the "free papers" issued to the soldiers of this command, and is a duplicate of the one given Sergeant Prince Rivers, the right general guide of the regiment, a negro of stately hearing, and combining remarkable intellect with a very tolerable education:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, PORT ROYAL, S. C., Aug. 1, 1862.

The bearer, Prince Rivers, a Sergeant in First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, late claimed as a slave, having been employed in hostility to the United States, is hereby, agreeably to the law of the 6th of August, 1861, declared FREE FOREVER. His wife and children are also free.
D. HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.

Camp near Harrison's Landing, Va., Aug. 7.—The movement upon Malvern was to have been made two days earlier. The troops actually started and marched several miles. They returned because they had missed the way. It was a night movement. The guide, a small farmer of the vicinity, was ignorant or treacherous. The guide who two days after conducted them rightly is black as the ink I write with, and gains his freedom under the late emancipation act if justice be done him.—*Tribune.*

Cairo, July 29.—I have just arrived from Columbus. Two trains have arrived—one on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at 7 o'clock. The accounts previously received of rebel raids were greatly exaggerated. From official information I derive the following account:

Two hundred of Jackson's cavalry came to the house of a wealthy man named Beadle, residing near Humboldt, early yesterday morning, and as he was about starting to pilot them to the bridge inside of our lines, he discovered a party of six or seven Union scouts riding toward them; concealing himself behind a fence, Beadle directed the rebels to an ambush from whence, upon the arrival of our men, they could pounce upon and capture them.

This plan, however, was frustrated by a young slave of Beadle, who, at the risk of his own life, started across a cornfield and warned the Unionists of their peril, who at once turned back, hotly pursued by the rebels. Only three of our men succeeded in reaching Humboldt safely. One received a ball in the breast, with which he rode six miles, dying soon after he reached the town. The other two were probably captured, as they have not been seen.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Norfolk, Va. Aug. 4.—Although it has been sometimes asserted that there were negroes in the rebel ranks, yet I do not believe any other use has ever been made of them than requiring them to dig and do camp drudgery. The reason of such belief will be found in the significant reply given me by an intelligent mulatto woman, a day or two since, to the question —if she had ever seen any black men in the rebel army. Said she, with a look of surprise, "No! the Secesh don't *dare* give arms to the colored folks!"

The truth is, the latter are wholly devoted to the cause of the Union, and for it they risk and suffer anything. Why? Because they believe it to be *their* cause. Day after day, and by scores, have I seen contrabands coming within our lines, and I have been astonished at the implicit confidence, which, without an exception, and in the face of the bugbear stuff which their owners have told them, that the Yankees would flay them alive, or cut off their ears, or send them to Cuba, they manifest in the friendship of the Northern soldiers.

Their interest in us is shown in a thousand ways. It is not long since that a girl here gave such information as led to the detection and arrest of two men and a woman who were starting for Richmond with letters and a valuable assortment of medicines. An officer, whose name I could give, while in command of a picket guard recently was made acquainted one morning, by a slave, with the names of several parties living just outside our lines, who, while they have been allowed passes, have been doing all they could to give "aid and comfort" to the enemy. On the night of the same day a free colored boy rode three miles purposely to inform the same officer where a mail for Richmond was being made up. The guilty individual proved to be one of those whose names were furnished in the morning, and he has since been arrested, and letters, not only, but a trunk filled with packages of tea, coffee, and other articles purchasable in Secessia only at fabulous prices, were found in his keeping.—*Tribune.*

Piney Point, Md., Aug. 1.—At Acquia Creek, fifty miles above here on the other side, nine miles from Fredericksburg and the Potomac terminus of the Richmond Railroad, there are hundreds of "contrabands," some of them just in, and most of them employed as carriers and freighters by the government. Incredible as it may appear to *The Herald* and its kith, I have yet to see a single man who is looking for some philanthropic white man to receive his wages, furnish him a peck of corn a week, and whale him when he feels unfit or disinclined to work. Sad improvidence! I have encountered black men and women looking for almost everything—a few going back into Dixie to hunt up and bring away children left behind; some seeking for shelter, others for clothing; many asking for food and eager to furnish an equivalent in work; but I have not found one in all this crowd of ignorant and destitute Helots, sufficiently enlightened to be looking for an owner!

Eastern Virginia—all that part possessed by our army—is now actually freer and safer for fugitives than New York or Massachusetts; for the officers deliver up slaves no longer while the courts are unorganized, and there is no means by which law can be made active. So Fillmore's "Fugitive bill" is a dead letter there, and runaways flock over from Maryland by hundreds, and are, at least for a time, as free as if they were in Canada. Thus Virginia, the aristocratic slave-breeder *par excellence*, the State which has been for a century and a half selling her sons and daughters on the auction-block, has become in spite of herself a Canaan for the oppressed—a land of refuge to the children she has sold!—*Tribune.*

Helena, Ark., July 31.—The region of country now occupied by the army, and the bottom lands of the Mississippi, above and below for many miles, are among the richest in the State, and largely devoted to the cultivation of cotton. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, of unenviable notoriety, owns several plantations in this neighborhood and 300 slaves. The slave population is very large, and greatly exceeds the number of inhabitants. Since Gen. Curtis arrived with his army, they have "quit work" and made "a strike" for their freedom. Such of the masters as remain at home profess to be loyal men; but the slaves claim their freedom on the ground that they were used in building Fort Pillow, many of them having been sent up the river and kept at work upon fortifications upon the requisition of Gens. Polk and Pillow.

The number of them in Helena and in service in the several commands as servants cannot be less than 2,000 or 3,000. They come in from the neighboring country, and present their own statements to Gen. Curtis, who remarked to me the other day that he was surprised at the intelligence they manifest and their perfect understanding of the causes of the rebellion and of their own rights. The general supposition has been that the plantation negroes were more ignorant than the slaves in towns and cities; but Gen. Curtis's observation contradicts this impression. He says they are fully equal in intelligence and character, and frequently evince both skill and judgment and a knowledge of their rights in stating their claims for free papers.

The most perplexing question is, What is to become of these freedmen and their families, when the Union army leaves this place? Large numbers of them have received their free papers. In this respect Gen. Curtis has treated them with justice and liberality. But, on the removal of this army, will not the former masters attempt to renew their ownership over them? Should this be the case, the attempt is very likely to be resisted. Having for a time tasted the sweets of liberty and received wages, having obtained their free papers and knowing their rights, will they dare maintain them? If they could possess themselves of arms, I have no doubt they would try their strength rather than be reduced again to bondage.

Many of these masters come and whine piteously to our officers about the "ingratitude" of these slaves, tell how they have nursed them when sick, how lenient they have been to them, and how the ungrateful wretches now leave their service, and refuse longer to work for them. It is strange they should be so oblivious to the great wrong they have been committing in robbing these poor black people of their labor and the fruits of it—the hard earnings of a lifetime—and depriving them of the opportunity of self-improvement and the means of knowledge! They should rather wonder at the forbearance and forgiving spirit of the slave in not attempting to visit them with retribution for these wrongs.

The slaves of Gen. Pillow have been set free, and the headquarters of Gen. Curtis are in the fine mansion of the rebel Gen. Hindman, overlooking the river from the hills back of the town. For several years Hindman has practiced law in this place, and has held a seat in Congress from this district; but the people who remain here profess to despise him, and reproach him as unprincipled and bankrupt in character and estate. His negroes have also been set free.

Many of these freed slaves are going out with government teams and escorts, and claiming the cotton on the plantations as theirs, by right of having worked hard to raise it; and where their masters are convicted of disloyalty, Gen. Curtis permits them to have it brought in and sold for their own benefit. Several thousand dollars have been realized for them in this way, and it is proposed to raise money enough from these sales to assist them to get to some free State, and commence life on their own account. Gentlemen here express a willingness to go with them and assist them to find a place of settlement.—*Tribune.*

Plymouth, N. C., July 27.—The only unpleasant feature connected with the administration of affairs here is the treatment of slaves who come within the lines. They have come in large numbers and have been banded together and driven out of camp. Gov. Stanley, in his speech when here, said that by taking the oath of allegiance persons could always get their slaves. On the strength of this, a rebel sent the other day two or three men after his slaves. They found them, tied them, and made an example of them by parading them through the town, boasting that *they* had not taken the oath, and had got their slaves for all that. Slaves turned back to their owners are only like so many sheep for the slaughter. In the name of humanity, what is the use of the new article of war prohibiting the return of slaves by officers in the army? Is a military law to be so applied in this war as to allow a four-horse team to go right through it?

Were it not for the soldiers in town the slaves caught by the men to whom I allude would have remained tied with ropes and driven like oxen before their owners. As it was, they were paraded through the streets with their shackles on, and allowed to be captured and brought back to bondage! A poor fellow, who had been used as a rebel mail carrier, conceived the idea of coming into camp with the mail on his back. Instead of being rewarded by a refuge within the camp, he was returned to bondage. Whole droves of poor slaves who have come into the town have been banded together and sent back! In the name of God and the Union, is this right? I understand this state of things is not so much the fruit of the Captain commanding the town as of Gov. Stanly, who is, it appears, both Governor and General.

The policy adopted by Col. Hawkins when he commanded this post was productive only of benefits. He employed the soldiers at their legitimate business, and the "contrabands, instead of being sent back or allowed to be brought back, were employed to build fortifications, dig ditches, make roads, and do all the other fatigue work of the post. This saved the health of the troops, and used the contrabands *against* the enemy and *for* him.—*Tribune.*

FREDERICKSBURG, August 3, 1862.

Contrabands continue to flock through our lines, many of them securing work in the Quartermaster's Department. Headquarters is daily besieged by slaveholders in pursuit of fugitives, many of the inhabitants preaching "Constitution," etc., with their sons in the rebel army and themselves only deterred from entering the ranks by physical inability. The following is a sample of correspondence upon the subject of Union men and their slaves:

HEADQUARTERS, AQUIA CREEK, Va., June 27, 1862.

SIR: I have your letter of the 24th inst., stating that you have a negro man at this place, thirty-seven years of age, passing by the name of Charles Waters, and that unless you have the negro or his equivalent in money you will bring the matter before Congress. I have no knowledge as to the person you refer to. Contrabands are under the especial charge of Lieutenant Ross, Acting Assistant-Quartermaster. If the man is here, and desires to return to you, or if you should come here, and, without threats of violence, induce him to return, I will neither offer nor suffer any resistance. My duty here is simply to enforce the Constitution and laws, as construed by the early fathers, and in obedience to my superior officers.

Very respectfully, GEORGE H. BIDDLE,
Colonel Ninety-Fifth Regiment New York State Volunteer infantry, Commanding Post.
THOMAS A. MILLER, Esq., Charles County, Md.

CHARLES COUNTY, Md., July 8, 1862.

LIEUTENANT ROSS—*Dear Sir:* Colonel Biddle refers me to you in the matter of runaway negroes. I will esteem it a favor to be furnished with a certificate, endorsed by the Colonel, of the fact of my negro man, who calls himself Charles Waters, being at Aquia Creek, in government employ. Col. B. says he has no knowledge of this fact. The negro's name is on your record of contrabands as my property. Messrs. Childs, Adams and Mitchell, who visited Aquia Creek some short time since to see after negroes of their own, inform me of this fact. They also talked with this negro, who was employed in unloading boats. Col. Biddle closes his letter to me by saying, "I am simply here to enforce the Constitution and laws." In this State the receiving or employing runaway negroes is called harboring, and is a penal offence. I have yet to learn that the statutes of Maryland are violative of the Constitution. There is no man in Maryland more loyal than I, or who has encountered more odium for defending the government. My loyalty here has been regarded as of the most ultra kind, in proof of which I can refer to every prominent Union man in the State. I stood by Hicks, holding a commission as one of his aids. I have also the same position on the staff of our present Union Governor, Mr. Bradford. I can also refer to Gen. Hooker, with whom I am well acquainted, and who knows my antecedents.

The negro man left for no provocation. His wife and children are at Aquia Creek, and he left me on their account. I am informed by Col. B. that if I come over and can induce this negro to return with me, he will see there is no interference. I am not willing to consult this negro at all in a matter of this sort. He is my property, my money paid for him, and if the government requires a regiment of soldiers to stand between me and my just rights, I can only say I must submit—I am but an individual. It is not the value of the property that so much concerns me: it is the principle it involves. Are we of the Border States to be taxed to furnish rations to our own negroes? If officers in the army can't catch slaves for their lawful owners, how is it they can catch them for themselves or for the government? If you order this man and his family from your post, they will be likely to come home. Maryland negroes, I presume, don't come under the head of contrabands. Respectfully yours,
THOMAS A. MILLER,
Nanjeemoy, Charles County, Md.

The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* (a rebel paper), of Aug. 9th, says: "The city was filled with movements of the enemy and our own troops in Prince George. An early rumor was freely ventilated, which stated that an admirable plan for the capture of the entire Yankee force on Thursday had failed solely through the perfidy of a negro, who gave information to the Yankee commander of our movements."

GEN. PHELPS AND THE CONTRABAND.

From The New Orleans Delta.

A gentleman up town, who, the other day, missed his "boy," learned that the lad was at Carrollton. He at once repaired to the headquarters of Gen. Phelps, and stated his case—that he was in search of a runaway negro. "You have lost a man, have you?" observed the General, inquiringly and dryly. "Yes, sir," replied the other. "Very well," said the General; "the negroes are over yonder; if your boy is there, *he can* go with you, if he wishes." The gentleman asked, further, that a guide might be sent with him, as he did not know the road and paths. "Certainly," said the General—"Orderly, call Maj. Scott." Presently the Major presented himself, and the General instructed him to conduct the gentleman to the negro camp, and assist him in finding his "boy," and to say to the "boy" that he had his (the General's) permission to return with his master. Thereupon the Major spoke: "General, I am the 'boy' the gentleman is in search of. I do not want to return." "This is all I can do," observed the General. The droll part of this incident is, that the General was ignorant of the fact that the gentleman was Scott's master. The "Major" has hitherto been known in darkey circles as a great orator; he is now known as "Maj. Scott, of the Black Guards." Queer things have come out of secession.

Taking them at their Word.

The following is the direction of Gen. Butler to the Provost-Marshal of New Orleans for the emancipation of slaves sent to the Yankees by their masters:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, July 19, 1862.

SIR: The course pursued by certain persons in ordering their slaves "to go to the Yankees," "to join the Federals," as described in your note, and like acts, have been brought to my notice from different sources previously to your communication, and certainly is a great wrong as well to the government as to the negroes. In order to correct the evil, therefore, let it be known that all such declarations by the owners to their slaves will, by the authorities here, be taken and deemed acts of voluntary emancipation, and slaves sent away by their master with such declarations as you describe, or equivalent ones, will be regarded and treated as manumitted and emancipated. You will see to it that this necessary police regulation is carried into effect. Respectfully,
BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.

A MODEL GENERAL.—Gen. Williams, who commanded our land forces in the late not very creditable operations against Vicksburg, is said by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* to have been very efficient in guarding rebel property and returning fugitive slaves. His last performance in the matter of returning slaves, with its consequences, is thus described:

"Before Gen. Williams went, he sent the Ceres down to return three hundred negroes who had been at work on the canal. As the boat reached Warrenton she was fired into by a field battery of three pieces, and a captain in the Seventh Vermont regiment killed, and two or three privates wounded."

What security have the negroes, who are impressed elsewhere into the service of the United States, that they will not be returned to their old masters after their labor is no longer needed by us?—*Washington Republican.*

Hilton Head, S. C., Aug. 4.—From latest intelligence, it is ascertained beyond doubt that the rebels have two marine engines of destruction at Savannah. . . . To-day Admiral Dupont visited Gen. Hunter, and received a report of the latest intelligence brought down by escaped chattels from Savannah. It was found to tally precisely with the information gleaned from other sources by the Commodore; and a perfect plan of concert between the navy and land forces has been agreed upon. It is well for the country that we have in these two officers—men both bearing the highest reputation for personal daring and a high sense of honor—men, also, who are not afraid nor ashamed to avail themselves of the inestimable services of the runaway colored loyalists who come within our lines. Gen. Hunter's orders are, "admit, welcome, defend and make available all who seek to come within our lines in the name of the Union!" And similar instructions have been given by our noble Admiral to the commanders of his gunboats and other vessels of war.

Dupont and Hunter welcome all negroes, and are rewarded by the most minute and absolutely trustworthy intelligence as to every movement made by the enemy. It pours in upon them from a thousand sources, and in every variety of shape and utterance, the house and hotel servants talking with clearness and remarkable quickness of the points they have heard discussed or boasted about at their master's tables; and the semi-civilized plantation hands jabbering in their own half-inarticulate manner as to the camps and the moving regiments, roads, forts and defenses in the vicinities they have come from. We welcome the negroes, and are forewarned of every danger. A different policy is pursued elsewhere, and the history of the war in the regions where the "exclusive" policy prevails is one of surprises and utter hoodwinkings of the Union commanders.—*Tribune.*

Summary.

Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has been presented with an elegant bronze time-piece and silver-vase, with a purse of $1,750, by many friends of the phonetic system, in token of their high appreciation of its excellence, and of his untiring and unselfish labors in its extension.

Said one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, what makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can," was the reply.

NEW LANGUAGE.—The Baltimore *American* speaks of Cassius M. Clay as "the brave Kentucky emancipationist," and says he "will be heartily welcomed on his return to a country which needs men of pluck and stamina like him." Such language would not have been applied to Mr. Clay in Baltimore twelve months ago.

A few weeks ago a babe was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened. "Why, no!" said his mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptized twice?" "What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, not if it *don't take the first time?*"

GEORGE W. JULIAN AND THE WAR.—A rumor has been circulated that Mr. Julian, of Indiana, was discouraging enlistments and opposing the President's war policy. Mr. Julian made a speech on the 2d of August at Newcastle, Indiana, in which he declared that he held a power of attorney from Mr. Lincoln himself to say that "the mistakes, the rose-water policy of the past," would be abandoned, and that he meant to "hurt somebody."

PRAYING FOR JEFF. DAVIS.—Some days since Rev. Doctor White, Rector of an Episcopal Church in Memphis, called on the Provost Marshal to inquire whether it would be considered treasonable to pray in public for the President of the rebel Confederacy. "I guess not very," coolly replied that officer; "you have been praying for him for two years, and have not done us much harm; and I don't know but that you might as well keep at it."

COULDN'T GET HIS SLAVES.—The Rockville (Md.) *Sentinel* says that Mr. H. Trundle, formerly of Montgomery County, but now a citizen of Loudoun County, Va., learning that a number of his slaves, who had absconded, had been arrested and duly committed to the jail in Washington city, went down for the purpose of reclaiming them; but, after reaching Washington, he ascertained that they were released from their confinement by the military authorities, and are now on their way to the North. Mr. Trundle through passed Rockville a few days ago on his way home.

A VOTE ON EMANCIPATION.—Gov. Stewart addressed the people at Best's Church, in Andrew County, on Friday, 25th ult. He was frequently interrupted with vociferous cheering, and at the conclusion of his speech a vote was taken for emancipation, and *there was not one dissenting vote*. Emancipation is rapidly gaining in Andrew County, and already the opponents of that policy give up that the Emancipation ticket will carry by 200 majority.—*Mo. Dem.*

PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION.—A singular rumor has reached us, that it is believed in high quarters that President Lincoln has been effectively influenced in his recent course on the slavery question, by threats from the slave-driving semi-traitors of Kentucky, that if his course should displease them he should be assassinated. We are not prepared to say that these men are incapable of such a plan; and it is painfully evident that the Administration has been miserably strangled and hampered by the Wickliffe-Magoffinite nightmare.—*Independent.*

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON THE NEGROES.—A camp-meeting was held by the black people of Long Island, near Westbury, on Saturday and Sunday. Sunday evening a few drunken Irishmen, who are an exception to their race, we hope, made an attempt to molest the peaceful assemblage. Stones and clubs were hurled into the camps, to the danger of the lives of both women and children, when some of the more athletic blacks turned out and gave the invaders a severe and much-deserved drubbing.—*Eve. Post.*

CONTRABANDS FROM AQUIA CREEK.—The boat from Aquia Creek has brought up over 100 contrabands, who are principally from Caroline County, Va. Many of them have been away from their homes for a considerable time. On their arrival at Aquia Creek they were at once directed to the contraband quarters. Among them are persons of all hues, ages, and sizes, including a sprinkling of infants barely a week old. The women, for the most part, lugged the children Indian fashion, and the men bore on their shoulders immense bundles of baggage.—*Times.*

COLORED PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON.—A word about the colored citizens of the District of Columbia. Among the number are persons of high intelligence. The prominent men hold considerable property and are greatly respected. Their loyalty is natural and steady. They are industrious, active and unpretending, and have, for many years, enjoyed the confidence of the people. Gen. Halleck cannot be, and is not, unmindful of their ability to serve the country. And what loyal American would object if he availed himself of their services?—*John W. Forney.*

STAMPEDE OF NEGROES.—The Richmond *Enquirer* of July 31, says:

"About two weeks ago ninety-four slaves and a party of free negroes, through the medium of Yankee inducement, stampeded from the upper part of Pasquotank, and fled into the Dismal Swamp. They comprised whole families, old and young, male and female. One of the free negroes—who was, doubtless, dictator of the whole party—was an "aristocrat" at home, and worth some four or five thousand dollars. A number of the inhabitants of the County immediately followed in pursuit, and recovered fifty or sixty of the slaves, and found a considerable quantity of ammunition in their camp.

ONE WAY TO RECRUIT.—At a recruiting meeting in Western New York last week one of the speakers had been urging the men to sign the roll, and told the women to hurry them up, when a woman rose in the meeting and addressed her husband substantially as follows: "Ira, you know what you said before you came here to-night—that you would enlist. If you don't do it, go straight home and take off those breeches, and let me have them and I will go myself!" This brought down the house and brought up Ira, who became a volunteer.

GEN. PHELPS'S PROCLAMATION.—Our Minister to Belgium, Mr. Sanford, who is just returning to his post from a short visit home, makes a very important and unexpected statement with regard to the famous anti-slavery proclamation issued by Gen. Phelps on Ship Island. He says that the proclamation was published very extensively, especially in Belgium, and that it has been of more service there to the cause of the Union than any document that has been issued. Indeed, the most encouraging thing that Minister Sanford has encountered abroad is the proclamation of Gen. Phelps.—*Hartford Press.*

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—On a grocery store at the South end may be seen a large canvas sign with this inscription,—a curiosity in its way:

BUTTER
FIT FOR a WEBSTER, a CHOAT,
A CLAY, i, or a McCLELL-
an
AT 12 TO 17 CTS & TIP TOP.

Only a word of interpretation is necessary. After mentioning the first illustrious names the butter-man becomes warmed and waxes oratorical, as witness his "*aye* or a McClellan."—*Boston Transcript.*

NEGRO PERSECUTION.—A Memphis dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* says: "A negro who had arrived there from the interior of Mississippi relates a horrible case of barbarity. He says that Gen. Bragg has caught the colored men concocting a scheme to rise and emancipate themselves and join the Unionists, and took a number, among them a son of the informant, and drove them into a corral or sort of pen, piled *dry twigs* about them, and proceeded to burn them alive! The negro appears sincere and truthful, and says he was compelled to witness the dying agonies of his son."

Pshaw! That's no worse than the Jeff. Davis sympathizers in Brooklyn attempted, and came very near accomplishing the other day.—*New York Tribune.*

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.—The Senate of Brazil, says an English paper, has voted, almost without debate and amid general indifference, upon the motion of M. Silveira da Motta, a bill prohibiting in future public sales of slaves by auction, and preventing the separation of husband and wife, or parents and children. This proposition, of which none can deny the high morality, even should it become law, will not exercise a large influence upon the fate of the blacks. The number of those who are married is extremely small, and it will always be easy to evade the prohibition to separate mother and children. The provision respecting sale by auction bears also little upon the happiness of the slave. It must not be supposed, however, that this grave question of slavery preoccupies the minds of the Brazilians. The value of this description of "merchandise" has certainly been somewhat affected by the recent occurences in the United States, but nobody here thinks seriously of the abolition of slavery. The motion of Silveira da Motta is looked upon generally as a mere philanthropic caprice.

HOW TO END THE REBELLION IN THREE MONTHS.—If the Administration had nerve enough to adopt three measures, the war might be ended in as many months. First: Under the law of Congress which gives the President power to call upon the militia for nine months (negroes included, if wanted), let him draft at once 1,000,000 men. Second: Out of these fill up the old regiments immediately, and put the rest in the field as soon as possible. Third: Let him announce officially and by proclamation that every negro in the rebellious States shall be FREE if he will leave his master.

The moral force of such an enormous conscription would produce a panic among the rebels, and by disheartening them more than half win the victory.

The fact of such a proclamation being issued would be known in every plantation in less than a month; for the slaves have a rude telegraph which they operate mostly at night, and the result of such knowledge would be an abandonment of the crops and the starvation of the rebel army. Secretary Seward could without any danger promise Europe that the war should be ended in ninety days, if the powers at Washington would only dare to take such a position as this. Will they?—*Hartford Courant*—[heretofore extremely conservative].

HON. M. F. CONWAY presents himself to the voters of Kansas for reëlection to Congress. He says in his card: "I have as yet served but one year in the National Legislature. During that period, however, I have done my best to promote the interests of my constituency, and to make the voice of Kansas heard with effect by the nation. In this effort, I esteem myself tolerably successful. Nevertheless, I do not claim to have accomplished much. On the contrary, I allege that it is not in the power of any man to do justice to himself or the public in his first term of service in the House of Representatives. His first term is but his apprenticeship; it requires a second to prove his real quality, and enable him to fully demonstrate his resources. I have made, thus far, only a good beginning. I am ambitious to pursue this beginning to a successful end. I am in the situation of one who has laid the foundation of an important edifice, and seeks the means wherewith to build thereon a fitting superstructure. I, therefore, ask for a re-election; confident that, with the generous support of my constituency—that ripened by experience, and animated by an unfaltering zeal to serve my country and my fellow-men—I shall, in the end, merit the distinction which never fails to be ultimately bestowed upon a tried and really true and useful public servant."

AT NEWPORT NEWS AND HAMPTON there are prosperous negro-schools, under the charge of John Oliver of Boston, and supported by the contributions of the New-York Union Missionary Society. The first steps toward opening the schools were taken in May last, with the approbation of Geos. Wool and Mansfield. About 50 children and adults gathered together for instruction. The project has succeeded so well that there are now some 250 of all ages and both sexes in the two schools. At Newport News the use of the building formerly occupied as a military theatre has been granted to Mr Oliver, and every morning he has it well filled with young and adult contrabands. They are of every shade of complexion, from the olive skin of the octoroon to the jet-black one of the Congo of whole blood. Some of the children are very apt scholars, and one class of nine have learnt to read with tolerable fluency in a little over a month. I am told that with few or no exceptions the adults show great joy when some new idea or bit of information is communicated to their minds from their books. A slave named Frank Robinson was specially pointed out to me as a diligent student. In the intervals of his work, he pursues his studies with real enthusiasm. Sometimes he will sit on his bench, spelling over the sentences with difficulty, wholly absorbed in study; and when he gathers the meaning of the words, thus disjointedly learnt, his face lights up with smiles, he hurriedly reads the sentence over, and with a cry of joy he jumps from his seat.—*Tribune.*

A LESSON FOR THE TRACT SOCIETY.—We have seen a letter from a Christian woman, a nurse in the hospital at Nashville, narrating an incident which we commend to the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society.

A soldier, whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon-ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, asked the nurse:

"When will those tract-distributors be around again?"

"To-day," said she.

"When they come, I would like something to read," he added.

A colporter came, in the afternoon, and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed, without stopping to read the titles or to see to the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four-page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him to see the subject of the tract, when to her astonishment she read the following title, "THE EVIL EFFECTS OF MODERN DANCING." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man:

"That tract is hardly suited to your condition."

"Well, madam," he replied, "to tell the truth, I think my dancing days are about over!"

The colporter only did by inadvertence what the New York Tract Society has been doing on principle for years. To a country sick with the disease of slavery, it sends tracts on card-playing; to a generation corrupted by oppression, it prints tracts on tobacco-chewing; to a Church in the South whose legs and arms slavery had tapped, it sends tracts on dancing!—*Independent.*

CRAB-FASHIONED PROGRESS.—The perverse, irrational crab-fashion wherein our officers approach and accept the Inevitable has perhaps received no better illustration than in the speech recently made by Gen. Lew. Wallace of Indiana at the recent great war meeting at Cincinnati. The gist of that speech is as follows: We have made four great mistakes in this war: 1. In supposing that 75,000 men would suffice to put down this rebellion; 2. In supposing that the rebels would or could be conciliated until convinced that we could beat them out of the field; 3. In regarding slavery, left undisturbed by us, as an element of weakness to the rebels; 4. In not using the slaves against their rebel masters. These points would seem too plain to require much elucidation. Yet note the manner in which Gen. Wallace panders to while seeking to disarm the anti-negro prejudices of his hearers:

"Now, I come to a third mistake, and you must pardon me, if, in alluding to it, I happen to run against any of your prejudices. I want you, before I speak of this last mistake, perfectly to understand my thoughts and feelings, and I say you must pardon me if I commence by saying that *I heartily despise the negro race.* I can't help it. *I never see a negro pass me in the street without thinking — There stalks the cause of all this trouble.* I never will permit him to be placed on an equality with white men; it never shall be done; I will fight myself if it ever comes to that (loud and prolonged cheering)."

—What thoughtful person can fail to realize that a people who *need* such a base preamble as this to induce them to listen patiently to a proposition that black men shall be permitted and invited to help serve and save our fearfully imperiled country, must even yet be subjected to the discipline of disaster and suffering to qualify them for a true, complete deliverance?—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

THE PURSUIT OF FUGITIVE SLAVES UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—*Memphis, Tenn., Friday, July 25, 1862.*—Yesterday a bereaved patriarch applied to Gen. Sherman to learn how he could reclaim his runaway slaves. "I know of only one way, sir," replied the General, "and that is through the United States Marshal." The unsuspecting planter started in anxious pursuit of that officer, and was at last directed to Col. Hillyer's quarters, where he asked:

"Is this the United States Marshal?"

"No, sir; the Provost Marshal."

"Where can I find the United States Marshal?"

"Have you business with him?"

"Yes, sir, I want my niggers; Gen. Sherman says he is the proper officer to apply to."

"Oh, yes," replied Col. Hillyer, who perceived the joke; "he undoubtedly is; so the law prescribes."

"Is he in town?"

"I don't know, but I suspect not."

"When do you think he left?"

"About a year ago, I fancy."

At last it dawned upon the planter's brain, that since the United States officers were driven out and the National Courts broken up the Fugitive Slave law is not in operation. He went back to Gen. Sherman and inquired sadly if there was no *other* way of recovering his chattels.

"None to my knowledge, sir."

"What can I do about it?"

"Well, sir, the law provided a remedy for you slaveholders in cases like this, but you were dissatisfied and smashed the machine. If you don't like your own work you'd better restore it and set it running again. Unless you do that very soon you'll have no need of a Fugitive Slave law."

The planter left, with his admiration for the beauties of secession a good deal diminished.—*Cor. Tribune.*

KNAVERY AMONG PUBLIC MEN.—The country has generally wondered at the fact that Senator Simmons escaped so easily—got such a whitewashing—to use a phrase common here, but they would not wonder if they knew how many people in high station here live by just such practices. Men that the people never suspect are foul with this kind of knavery. Senators, representatives and newspaper men resort to them. The fact is, that so many newspaper men have in past years connected themselves with the lobby that it is almost disreputable to be a newspaper correspondent here. A few days since I chanced to discover that a newspaper man who stood high had been trading in the influence of some of the present members of Congress—and had made his thousands. The M. C.'s probably knew nothing of his work, but his relations with them were such that he could promise their votes with a show of probability. Looking over the accounts of the Senate, the other day, I found that to one Senator $1,368 had been paid *for a clerk to his committee*, when in fact he has had no clerk, and drew the money in the name of an imaginary character. Another committee did not meet twice, but the clerk, who did not enter the committee room half a dozen times during the session, drew $1,368, or $6 per day. What wonder that whitewashing is the order of the day, when such outrages upon common honesty were rife? The war and the monstrous debt will drive this kind of respectable villainy from high places, because the people won't endure them much longer. It was only the other day that I heard of the latest and most amusing bit of knavery in the Capitol. A gentleman came here and quietly gave out in a few circles that he was part proprietor and associate editor of a well known New York newspaper. He was careful *where* he went, but he used the argument, and with several high functionaries of the government, the President among the rest, to obtain an office. He finally got a capital office on the strength of the falsehood that he was connected with the journal in question, and it was not exploded till the stories of his fabrication reached the ears of the genuine proprietors and editors, when they sent word to Washington, "Mr. So-and-So has no connection whatever with our journal—if he says so, he lies." Nevertheless the man got his office, and keeps it!—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

IMPORTANT REVELATIONS.—The United States Grand Jury for the Indiana District has just concluded its labors. Among the presentments made was one indicting the organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, which, it seems, still has an existence in that State. The leading features of his exposition are: 1. That the Order numbers, according to the estimate of the witnesses examined, about 15,000 members in Indiana. This may be above the mark, but whether it is or not, it is certain that very many of the members are but partially initiated, have no idea of its treasonable purposes, and will have nothing to do with any action that may interfere with the laws or their duty to their government. 2. The existence of the Order is known to the rebels, and its members are instructed to avoid injuring rebels in case they should be compelled to enter the army. By a sign the members South can make themselves known to those of the North, and both are sworn to fire over the heads of each other in case they meet on the opposite sides in battle. 3. The conspirators have devised a plan to avoid or defeat legal proceedings against them. By changes of venue to Counties where the Judges are members, or by getting members on juries, they propose to keep clear of the clutches of the law. This is by no means an unsafe reliance when it is remembered that a single juryman can prevent a conviction, and there is no possible way of preventing members of the Order from getting on juries where they are not known. 4. The members are sworn to secrecy, and to resistance to the collection of Federal taxes, and to enlistments. 5. The meetings are frequently guarded by armed sentinels, and the members generally come to them armed. In connection with these revelations, the Indianapolis *Journal* states that the members of the Grand Jury satisfied themselves of the authenticity of the evidence given, by mingling freely in the crowd which was in attendance on the Democratic Convention held in that city a few days ago, which was addressed by Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky and others. The signs they had learned were recognized and returned by about 100 persons. On the day the Convention met it is also stated that 500 revolvers were sold by dealers in Indianapolis, doubtless to members of the Order.

Special Notices.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Mass Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at ELLENVILLE, Ulster Co., N. Y., in WARREN'S HALL, to commence on THURSDAY EVENING Aug. 28, and continue through FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 29th and 30th.

In this period of national peril let there be a large gathering of the friends of freedom. Millions of slaves are perishing in chains. Their unceasing prayer is for help and deliverance. Through the madness of their masters has the whole nation been plunged into a fearful, sanguinary contest. Almost a year and a half has the dread tragedy been in progress, involving the loss of many thousands of valuable lives and many millions of treasure. While the representatives of the Federal government, with shameful subserviency and blood-guiltiness, have deferred to slavery, the rebellion has increased to threatening magnitude. Thus must it continue until slavery be overthrown. The golden hour of opportunity is swiftly passing. Rally! friends of justice and impartial liberty, in large numbers, for the redemption of the slave and the salvation of the nation.

Able and eloquent speakers will address the Convention, among whom will be Parker Pillsbury, Ernestine L. Rose, Susan B. Anthony, Aaron M. Powell, James M. De Garmo and others.

AARON M. POWELL will speak at New Concord, N. Y., Sunday, Aug. 17. Subject: Emancipation.

Advertisements.

MRS. K. G. SATTERIE has a few Furnished Rooms to let, with or without board, at No. 143 Second Avenue, corner of East Ninth street, New York. Three of these, on the first and second floors, are spacious parlor bedrooms, about twenty feet square. Prices, according to the size and location of the rooms.

The situation, one square East of the COOPER INSTITUTE, is in one of the prettiest Avenues in the city, quiet, retired and healthy; the house standing back from the street, two and a half minutes' walk from the Fourth Avenue cars, and four minutes' walk from Broadway.

These rooms are likely to suit persons of literary or domestic habits, desiring to avoid the noise and bustle of a large, crowded boarding house.

New York, July 4, 1862.

REFERENCES.

William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley,
Robert Dale Owen, Marcus Spring,
Sydney Howard Gay, Oliver Johnson,
Theodore Tilton.

SHARON FEMALE SEMINARY, located near Darby, Delaware Co., Pa., will be opened for the reception of pupils on the 29th of 9th mo. (Sep.)

For particulars address, JOSIAH WILSON, MARY P. WILSON, } Principals, Chaddsford P. O., Del. Co., Pa.

Circulars are to be had at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., and 106 N. Tenth st., Philadelphia.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—This Institution, after a suspension of some months, will be reopened to WELL-DISPOSED pupils of GOOD HABITS on WEDNESDAY, SEPT 3, for a Term of FIFTEEN WEEKS.

For particulars, apply soon to

WM. S. HEYWOOD, A. B. HEYWOOD, } Principals.

Hopedale, Milford, Mass., August 4, 1862.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

LUCRETIA MOTT, MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, LYDIA MARIA CHILD,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, LUCY STONE,
ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

Those friends who have so long been desiring copies of the above group—executed in Grozelier's best style—can now be supplied, by sending their orders, enclosing One Dollar for each copy, which will ensure their being promptly mailed, and in perfect condition.

An early application is necessary, as the edition is very limited. Also a few copies remaining of the original Grozelier Lithograph of William Lloyd Garrison. Price, including mailing, One Dollar.

WILLIAM C. NELL,
Anti Slavery Rooms, 221 Washington st., Boston.

REMOVAL.—Dr. R. T. HALLOCK, *Eclectic and Homœopathic Physician*, has removed to No. 79 East Fifteenth street (New York). A few patients can be accommodated with rooms and board, and receive treatment from him or any other physician whom they may prefer.

"AMONG THE PINES; OR, SOUTH IN SECESSION TIME." By EDMUND KIRKE. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents in paper; 75 cents in muslin.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I hear the song of liberty
Ring from the Islands of the sea;
Loud as the ocean's roar,
It breaks upon the eager ear,
In notes the nations pause to hear,
And rolls from shore to shore.

The hoarse Atlantic shakes his mane,
And shouts the song that not a chain
Will ever more be seen
Upon the Islands veiled in mist,
Veiled till the August morning kissed
Their foreheads gay and green.

The heavens stoop low to clasp the isles
In their blue arms, and bless with smiles
The children of the deep;
And when the day has lost its light,
Watch them with all the stars of night,
With eyes that never sleep.

Fanned by the breeze, baptized with spray,
Arched by a radiant bow to-day,
The grateful Isles rejoice;
In speech and song from people free,
As rivers pulsing to the sea,
We hear the freedmen's voice.

It comes upon the balmy breeze,
Soft as the music of the bees,
When they awake the flowers!
Now like a wave of soothing song,
It deepens as it sweeps along,
And moves these souls of ours!

No more we hear the clanking chains,
But nearer, clearer come the strains
Of the great Jubilee;
The murmuring sea-shell on the shore,
With ruby lips exclaims encore
To bursts of melody.

Deeper and louder comes the song,
Billows of music sweep along
Like an Atlantic storm;
They overwhelm our hearts, and roll
In rapture over every soul,
And with them comes a form,

Walking on waves of melody,
As Jesus walked upon the sea.
It is the angel sent
By Heaven to help the suffering slave,
Like Peter sinking in the wave,
'Neath our free firmament.

That angel comes to break our chains,
That we may sing the thrilling strains
The wooing waves admire,
When passing with the moon-led tide
Where the sea clasps his Island bride,
And his broad breast swells higher.

God grant the August day and deed
May come on wings that fly with speed,
When the last yoke shall be
Shivered by that white angel form,
The spirit of the music storm,
And this great Jubilee.

G. W. Bungay.

A LEADER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Many men doubt the wisdom of criticising the Administration. It is embarrassing to them, and hinders rather than helps. They are of our own election, and deserve our support. They are in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, and are doing the best they know how. They must be supposed to know more of the hidden and important affairs of the times than their censors can.

All this may be true; but it fails to show that a free people should relinquish their most sacred national trusts into the hands of a few men, leaving these few to do as they please. The people never let go of their own affairs! They elect men to office, reserving to themselves the right to influence and control them.

Nor, when citizens sit in judgment on the policy and practice of their rulers, is it *fault-finding*. Is an auditor's correction of accounts fault-finding? Is a judge's restoration of facts and law, from the entanglements of cunning counsel, to the simplicity and clarity of truth, fault-finding?

The people are responsible for the welfare of this Republic.

They must not betray it, nor suffer it to be betrayed by default.

Embarrass the Administration? So do thunderstorms embarrass sultry, stupid days! The housewife's broom embarrasses the spider's web; and her cloth is an arch-disturber of dust. No matter how wise, and virtuous, and good are the men elected to office, they need to be watched, to be opposed, to be roused up. Men collect in Washington, far from their constituents. They are surrounded by everything that tones down honesty and patriotism. They run into pools and bayous. Selfish politics, disputatious private interests, fiery cunning of men greedy for gold, and ten thousand sinister and demoralizing influences, are brought to bear upon them, in season and out of season, blinding their eyes, wearing out their integrity, and destroying their faith in every man's purity and honesty.

It is mournful, but true, that the most vital interests of patriotism are molded and formed in the womb of selfishness. A Legislature is a whirlpool of low and base influences. Good men and true are there; but they are there as sailors are on deck before driving storms, lashed to the masts or tied to the wheel, lest they be washed overboard! There has been corruption enough in the Capital of this nation to have sunk the government to perdition a hundred times, had not the government been buoyed up by the yet uncorrupted virtue and patriotism of the widely outspread common people.

It is not Washington that nourishes and sustains this nation. It is not the government that rains down benefactions on us. The people are the source of their own prosperity. It is the farming neighborhood, with a smart school in its midst; it is the village, with its Sunday church, spiring up among the trees; it is the town and city that buoy up the Capital.

There may be a petty, irritable fault-finding; there may be a malignant and cunning fault-finding; there may be fault-finding with the design to embarrass and obstruct. These are the incidental evils of our system of free government. Their remedy is not in prudential silence, but in doing that rightly and wisely which wicked men do foolishly. When bad men's tongues are out, it is no time for good men to put theirs in the sheath.

This great conflict, thus far, has been, in every proper and honorable sense, a campaign of the common people without a leader. It is not the nature of democracies to produce leaders. Our times verify the fact. No great national leader has appeared. Fremont had the qualities which win confidence and fire the people's heart with enthusiasm. But in the sight of five men, each one of whom intended to be the next President of a country which their timid and sluggish policy bids fair to put out of existence before the next Presidential election, this was an unpardonable fault. He has been laid aside for the sake of politicians and of jealous technical officers, whom God never made Generals, and of whom, therefore, West Point could make only Engineers. Great military leaders are born, not built.

Certainly neither Mr. Lincoln nor his Cabinet have proved leaders. They have not gone before the people. Their policy is one which has obliged the public to demand each step of advance. They feared division at the North. They feared the malignant fragments of the Democratic party. Fear was stronger than faith. They ventured only on those points about which there was unity and eagerness, with the whole community. Even when they advanced, they preferred to have it seem rather like a resistance to a yet further advanced radicalism, than to be a voluntary progress beyond some old landmark.

This might be the melancholy wisdom of such times as Washington's, with a small population, with few resources, with little money, with an untried government driving a team of newly yoked States. But he who imitates Washington's slowness, in the midst of twenty million of men—with twenty lusty loyal States at his back—with money enough, and arsenals pouring out armaments and munitions and all the implements and vehicles of war on land and sea which art can construct and science suggest—is a fool, thrice sodden! There never was a time when men's prayers so fervently asked God for a leader! He has refused our petition. What an idol would we have made of a man of lusty will, who out of weakness had waxed strong, and marched through the land, threshing it in his indignation!

As a convolvulus, that has lost its true support, feels out for something on which to run, twining about grass or short-topped weeds, soon breaking down by its weight, at length lies spread abroad upon the ground, so this people, catching at each rising name, hoping at each advent that the man had come, now lie outstretched, coiled and twined upon themselves!

Mr. Lincoln is a good man: a considerate, prudent, honest politician. But not a spark of genius has he; not an element for leadership; not one particle of heroic enthusiasm. The people long to twine about him. Never was such opportunity. No man since the world began has had circumstances thronging about him, imploring, demanding him to be Great, who has shown such singular self-denial. While he considers, Events are moving on.

Let no man regard this criticism upon the men in power in Washington too severe. If their work has been great, so have been their helps. Besides, great work is the food of great men. If times have been trying and affairs embarrassing, the Administration has had a nation to stand by it—and this should have disarmed all doubt or fear.

Let any one compare the State papers, messages, proclamations, and orders that have issued from this Administration during the past year and a half, with the documents which preceded and accompanied our own War of Independence. The bills of rights of the colonies sparkle with sentiments of humanity, of right, of liberty. The resolves of the old Colonial Legislatures had in them that which fed the deep love of liberty in the human soul. The remonstrances addressed to the throne, the letters of eminent men, the declarations of Congress, were all aglow with a divine enthusiasm. Compare with these the papers that have issued from our government during this infernal revolt of slave-bred men against free institutions. They are cold, heartless, dead. They are formal as legal documents. They nowhere touch the nation's heart. Where is there the assertion of any great truth to which the hearts of this people have been taught to respond? This is a time when we are at war for principles. The foundation ideas of this government are attacked. The South is rearing up, over against our immortal Declaration of Independence, an oppugnant and disgraceful declaration of the right of men to enslave men. The times of our fathers were not half so vital with the great truths of human rights as ours. We are advanced centuries beyond them. We have seen the wonderful outworking of the truths of liberty on this magnificent continent. Truths that were abstract to them we behold in living, concrete forms; in laws, institutions, and above all in men bred upon this divine pabulum of liberty. And now, in the nation's crisis, in a conflict expressly joined on this issue, with a whole world looking on, we can obtain from our government no word of enthusiasm, no large recognition of the great and everlasting truths of human rights, and of liberty among the chiefest of them!

There has not been a line in any government paper that might not have been issued by the Czar, by Louis Napoleon, or by Jeff. Davis!

Our State papers during this eventful struggle are void of genuine enthusiasm for the great doctrines on which this government was founded.

Faith in human rights is dead in Washington. The Administration have faith in America, in the United States, in a United North, in a Republican party, but no faith in that invisible principle which underlies and nourishes them all! The people are never called to maintain their historic ideas! The nation is never reminded of its political truths! The people are not reached where their enthusiasm, like the sleeping music of the harp's strings, lies waiting some touch to bring it forth, to roll over this continent such an anthem as the world never heard, and only a free people can chant!

Let one of those grand old documents be brought forth which our fathers issued before this infernal slavery had made men timid of their best faith, and tolerant only of the doctrine of devils. Behold its lofty spirit! See how divine is its inclusion of the whole human family in the rights claimed by its authors for themselves! How bold, wise, fearless, consistent!

Now lay by its side the pale, cold, lifeless documents that have come forth from the government of a great people striving for their liberties, and for the very land bequeathed them by the fathers! Why, these State papers of our time are the winding-sheets of the old ones—the very shrouds in which to bury the noble lines and sentences of the fathers out of sight of a generation whom slavery has muzzled, or whom a false prudence has intimidated!

It will be said that there was danger of division by utterance of anti-slavery doctrine! But silence was the very way to *cause* division! If the people had been roused to this crisis by the great truths of human rights which nerved their fathers, there would have been a chain welded which no art could have broken. The want of a national policy—the want of enthusiasm for a national principle—the want of any great unifying inspiration by which the government might draw the whole people after it—leaves the masses an easy prey to mischievous divisions. No thanks to government that they are not more divided! If there was no more zeal among the people for that liberty which is the very essence of our whole political structure, than there is in many members of the government and many officers in our army, we would have fallen asunder long ago!

All the piddling questions that are spun in Washington, thick as spiders' webs on a meadow, would go down like those films when a mowing-machine sweeps round the field, if the great national truth and its historic pride had been ridden forth with courage and will! But when an Administration weaves the mighty affairs of this nation like a lace-weaver, with thread and bobbin plied upon its knee, no wonder that all its time is consumed in loops, and broken threads, and stitches!

But we must cease looking any more to government. We must turn to ourselves. A time may be near when the people will be called to act with prudence and courage beyond all precedent. After strength has been frittered away in mending the manhood of Border State eunuchs, and reverses have come, and our rulers are fugitives from the proud Capital, should they deem the task of maintaining the sanctity and integrity of the national soil hopeless, then this great people, moving through all their States, may yet be called to take up the despairing work, and carry it forth to victory! The people must have leaders. As yet, they have not found them!

Great God, what a people hast Thou brought forth upon this continent! What love of liberty; what heroic love of law and institution; what courage, and constancy, and self-sacrifice hast Thou given them! And no man is found to lead this so great a nation! Be Thou leader! Lord God of Hosts, hast Thou forgotten how to lead a people? There are no ages on Thy head! Years make Thee neither old nor weary! Behind Thy unwrinkled brow no care dwells! Teach this people to need no other leader but Thyself! Then, led by Thee, teach them to be all-sufficient for every deed of justice, and omnipotent for liberty!—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

WHAT IS SAID OF THE CABINET.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following account of the secret springs and feelings in the Cabinet. There is some truth in the statements made:

It has been known here for a long time that two parties were gradually springing up in the Cabinet, the one favoring vigorous measures, and the other adhering to warfare by conciliation, as the best means of restoring "the Union as it was." In the former were numbered Chase, Stanton and Smith; in the latter, Seward, Blair and Bates; while Secretary Welles, though somewhat removed by the nature of his office from discussion as to the policy that should govern the land forces, was understood also to unite with the former party in urging the most vigorous prosecution of the war on war principles.

No one needs to be told that the President's course has hitherto leaned largely to the policy of the conciliation party; and there are few who are not now satisfied that, but for that policy, the war might by this time be ended.

Mr. Seward has all the time had more influence over the President than any other member of the Cabinet—I might say, more than all the rest of them combined. Of nearly every "conservative" demonstration by the President, the modification of Fremont, the disapproval of Hunter, the promotion of men like Buel, who are more famous for zeal in protecting Confederate property than in moving against Confederate armies, to the commands; the threatened veto of the Confiscation Act, and the halting manner in which provision has been made by proclamation for carrying out its provisions—it might be said, "The hand of Joab is in this thing." Secretary Seward, his mark, was visible in every one.

Not less strange than this change of the "irrepressible conflict" agitator to the conservative role is the change in Mr. Montgomery Blair. At the outset of the war none were so profuse in breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the rebels as he. So marked was his zeal in this regard that Mr. Russell described him as a sour old Covenanter, who conscientiously believed in hewing Agag to pieces before the Lord, and insisted that nothing should be done but smite the Philistines, from hip to thigh, from the rising even to the setting of the sun. But Fremont and "Frank" quarreled at St. Louis, and from that time Mr. Blair has been gradually veering over to the conservative tack.

Meanwhile Mr. Caleb B. Smith, who had been regarded as one of the most "conservative" men in the Cabinet, came over to the vigorous policy party, believing very sensibly that the truest kindness to the Southern patient consisted in the promptest use of the severest remedies. All their antecedents, as well as their honest earnestness of purpose, of course led Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton to the same position, while good old Mr. Bates as naturally inclined to the other side.

It has long been hinted that Mr. Lincoln is not a pleasant man to hold a Cabinet position under. His "constitutional advisers," as a general thing, share very little of his confidence, and have small influence in shaping his policy. Every few days the President is doing something to the last degree distasteful to at least some of them, but of which they have had no intimation till they find it in the public prints. Thus the appointment of Gen. Halleck to the chief command (though I do not know that this would have been distasteful to any of them) was absolutely not known to several members of the Cabinet till ten days after the order had been issued. The President, though always treating these with the utmost courtesy, seems to repose no confidence in them; and they are sometimes as uncertain what the government will next be committed to as the merest speculating quidnuncs of the Capital. Yet the members of a Cabinet are held responsible for the course of the Administration; and hence it is that the Cabinet seats have for some time become so peculiarly uncomfortable.

Mr. Stanton, since the late flood of senseless abuse has been poured out on him, has of course a personal triumph to accomplish by retaining his seat; but if Gov. Chase were assured that he could be elected to the Senate by our Legislature next winter, I do not believe he would hold his present position a week longer. Or, if Secretary Smith had a similar assurance, the days of his connection with the Administration would, I believe, be few indeed. As it is, however, rumors of resignation are, of course, baseless.

It should not be understood that these dissensions have risen to anything like an open rupture. The vigorous policy men have simply been made to feel uncomfortable, while they very naturally dislike to to be held responsible for actions which they disapproved and concerning which they have never been consulted.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

O! Garrison, thou keen, far-sighted man,
From whom our nation's sin received its ban,
Though not from thee, but from thy Master first,
Thou blessed servant of our teacher Christ.
And were our people wise, they now would see
The priceless treasure of a guide like thee—
The reins of rule within thy hands would place,
And save our country from its sore disgrace,
Establish justice, peace once more regain,
And from her shield remove foul slavery's stain.
But when our nation shall again be free,
No name than thine shall then more honored be—
O! could my humble muse thy worth proclaim,
How gladly would she sound thy trump of fame.

New Bedford, July 31st, 1862. D. R.

LETTER FROM GEN. HUNTER.

Headquarters Department of the South,
Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C., July 17, 1862.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, *President of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, New York City:*

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication dated June 2, 1862, expressing to me the approval of my course in regard to the freed slaves of this Department by the important and benevolent association of which you are President.

Satisfied of having attempted, in the absence of instructions, to do my duty in the matter according to the best lights of my judgment and a long experience, every assurance of sympathy from men whose characters I esteem is gratifying, and enables me to wait with more patience for those inevitable days which are to give a policy on the slavery question to our government.

It is my only fear that the lesson may not be understood and acted upon until read in characters of blood at the fireside of every Northern family. To attain wisdom we must suffer; but that wisdom on the slavery question must finally be obtained, is my sustaining faith.

Our people are not dull of comprehension in regard to matters about which free play is given to their common sense. When a fire is spreading through a block of houses, they do not hesitate to batter down an intermediate house to save the remainder of the block. When the plague occupies an infected district, the district is quarantined, and every resource of science and industry put forth to rid the locality of its presence. The soldiers of health are by no means ordered to mount guard over each smitten house and see that the vested interests of pestilence are protected. "Break open doors, if they be not opened," is the order on these occasions. "Let in fresh air and sunlight; let purity replace corruption."

But in presence of one great evil, which has so long brooded over our country, the intelligence of a large portion of our people would seem paralyzed and helpless. Their moral nerves lie torpid under its benumbing shadow. Its breath has been the pestilence of the political atmosphere, in which our statesmen have been nurtured; and never, I fear, until its beak is dripping with the best blood of the country, and its talons tangled in her vitals, will the free masses of the loyal States be fully aroused to the necessity of abating the abomination at whatever cost and by whatever agencies.

This is written, not politically, but according to my profession in the military sense. Looking forward, there looms up a possibility (only too possible) of a peace which shall be nothing but an armistice, with every advantage secured to the rebellion. Nothing can give us permanent peace but a successful prosecution of the war, with every weapon and energy at our command, to its logical and legitimate conclusion. The fomenting cause of the rebellion must be abated; the axe must be laid to the root of the upas tree which has rained down such bitter fruit upon our country, before anything like a permanent peace can be justly hoped.

Already I see signs in many influential quarters, heretofore opposed to my views in favor of arming the blacks, of a change of sentiment. Our recent disasters before Richmond have served to illuminate many minds.

To speak of using the negroes merely for throwing up entrenchments is a step in the right direction, though far short of what must be the end. It has the advantage, however, of making the further and final steps necessary; for men working in the face of the enemy must have arms with which to protect themselves if suddenly attacked.

On the whole, there is much reason to be satisfied with the progress made by public sentiment, considering how deeply rooted were the prejudices to be overcome, the general failure of the nation to realize at first the proportions of the war, and the impunity still extended to those Northern traitors who are the plunderers of the government by means of fraudulent army and navy contracts, on the one hand, while using every energy of tongue and pen to excite discontent with our government and sympathy with the more candid and courageous traitors of the South who are in arms against us.

In conclusion, it may be not inappropriate to say that in transmitting the approval of the National Freedmen's Relief Association of my course, you were—doubtless unconsciously—endorsing views which your own earnest eloquence had no slight share in maturing. Though without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I was during a year a member of your congregation, and take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to your teachings.

Your letter would have been earlier answered, had not pressing duties too fully occupied my time.

Believe me, sir, very truly, your obliged and obedient servant, D. Hunter.

P. S.—None of the carefully fostered delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North is more absurd than the bugbear of "a general migration of negroes to the North," as a necessary sequence of emancipation. So far is this from being the fact, that although it is well known that I give passes North to all negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the negroes of the North would migrate South whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the auction-block.

Sincerely, D. H.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE TO GEN. HUNTER.

New York, August 7, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Hunter, Port Royal, S. C.:

Dear Sir: The undersigned, the Executive Committee of the Democratic League of this city, tender you their respects, as well as thanks, for the stand taken by you in your late letter to the Rev. Dr. Tyng.

The Committee appreciate your force of reasoning, and the necessity of a decided policy on the part of the government, the people and military authorities. The conflict now going on is a broader one than is commonly imagined. It is a league on the one hand between slaveholders, allied with European aristocracy, to denationalize republican government in a large portion of the United States; on the other hand, it is the Democratic principle in the free government struggling against the combined antagonisms of a privileged class, in order to maintain its ascendency in the entire Union. This is the great issue, and all other matters are merely incidental agencies to work out the result upon the main question.

It was truly said by Mr. Garnett of Virginia, in a letter to Mr. Trescott of South Carolina, written in 1851: "You well object to the term Democracy. Democracy, in its original and philosophical sense, is indeed incompatible with slavery, and the whole system of Southern society." This declaration embraces the platform of the Southern rebellion. It constituted the entire basis of reasoning that started the seeds of rebellion into growth; and which, in the space of thirty years, nurtured treason into culmination. The political adventurers and slaveholders South, and the more intelligent portion of the people North, understand this question alike. Were it generally and well understood, there would be little difficulty in settling the question at once through the arbitrament of preponderating force. If the twenty-six or seven million composing the mass of free labor North and South understood the question in its true light, the whole matter would be disposed of with little more effusion of blood. Its settlement would also result in a firmer and better establishment of the principles of free government.

Slavery perpetuation through the abrogation of a government of majorities is the war platform of the so-called Confederate government. The idea of slavery perpetuation upon the ruins and prostration of the Democratic principle is the stimulating virus that is now sustaining the desperate efforts of the Southern conspiracy. Whether we are fighting to preserve the cause of the rebellion, while attempting to crush the rebellion itself; whether we are fighting to maintain human bondage, whilst rebels are making the continuation of such bondage the cause of war, are questions that now seem pertinent. If we are fighting to maintain the Democratic principle, shall we succeed best by upholding, or by overthrowing its antagonisms? It seems to us that your letter contains a clear and concise view of the question. We much fear that nothing but the increased effusion of blood, growing out of the present confusion in the public mind, will bring the people to unanimity as to the direction of the blows which must be struck before this warfare closes.

With ardent wishes for the welfare of the country, and many personal regards to yourself, we are, very truly yours, etc.

Chas. P. Kirkland,	John J. Speed,
Thomas Ewbank,	George P. Nelson,
Henry O'Reilly,	Henry C. Gardiner,
Lorenzo Sherwood,	Pierrepont Isham,
	Executive Committee.

M'CLELLAN.

"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!"

The circle of the week brings us no tidings from the army of McClellan. The great "strategic movement" which gave to the enemy a spoil of millions, and left to his mercy thousands of our bleeding youth, is already old enough to return a European echo; but our army still blisters within its confines on the James, and the commander, whose "masterly manœuvres" lodged it there, continues to dig, and to play spades as trumps. The first applause, therefore, which, in pronouncing this fight the most brilliant performance of his life, promised he yet would be in Richmond ere a month, now seems to have been sanguine in its measure, and the general impression is coming to our figures, which multiplied that hope by six.

But the month already wasted since we received this check has not been altogether lost. Nay, probably, it has been returned reflectively, to good, for it has obliged many a loyal and enthusiastic man, who had become lost in worship of the new Napoleon, to stop hurrahing, and make a grave examination of his qualities. The result of this review has been to show, that he is at least the unluckiest of men, and to impress the public extensively with the conviction, that he is about the only General in the country who could have played the proud Army of Potomac down to a mere fainting handful, without a single victory.

The field for the analysis is clear. There were no special obstructions in his path to glory. Everybody contributed their aid to make him a great man. The President lifted him to the most dazzling authority in the nation, the universal voice accorded him the qualities of Cæsar, a lavish country placed incomparable and astounding legions in his hands, and the whole world looked on to see this child of genius launch his quintupled thunders upon his meagre and cowering game.

There was no difficulty in the Young Chieftain getting to his foe, for they frequently challenged him within five miles of his lines; there was no reason why he should dread the mere handful of the enemy, for their troops were just as inexperienced as ours; but still the new Napoleon would not fight, and with a strange fortitude to insult, endured the rebel flag under his nose, and a blockade of the Capital, during a period of five marching months, without the least sign of irritation. Everybody wondered what could be his plan, but they did not question his ability, and even half misgiving minds kept hurrahing for him to their neighbors, like the schoolboy in the churchyard, to sustain their own waning faith. We, among the rest, suspecting all objection to him as disloyal, helped to domineer down the grumblers, and insisted, that in due time, his intentions would be wisely developed to the nation. But we never once suspected (nor, did the public who so faithfully supported him) that his plan was to let the insignificant forces of the enemy retire without harm, until with a generous inversion of the art of war, he could seek him in his lair, and accept the odds against himself. This was not the practice of the Old Napoleon; but the reputation of our unfledged Chieftain was so high, it was expected he would eclipse all previous reputations, and save the country by some mysterious military spell. The allowed retreat of the enemy from Manassas, however, shook the faith of many a worshipper, and scores of men of sound capacity, who, in the ardor of a trusting patriotism, had till now shirked the task of thought, openly condemned the insensibility of our legions as disgraceful. Still our Young Napoleon was as imperturbable as the Sphinx, and the country was obliged to find meagre solace in the rather dubious felicitation, that Gen. McClellan was undoubtedly a child of genius, as he concealed his plans with profound secrecy from every one. We bear in mind, that the same compliment was frequently lavished upon Gen. William Walker, of Nicaraguan fame; but we also bear in mind, that what was mistaken in the filibuster chief for profundity and great reserve, was really vacuity, and that he never had a plan, or could comprehend to-day what would be good for him to do to-morrow. He, too, was a child of genius, and there was a time, when the whole world occasionally showed a disposition to knock off work, in order to accept the little gray-eyed man of destiny for a historical Colossus. Like those of his class of heroes, however, he depended rather too much on destiny, and probably imagined that he had but to make an incantation with the five cuts of the sword, previous to jumping into bed at night, to have responsive destiny seize him by the slack of the trowsers, and make a Napoleon of him in the morning. He once held Granada with fifteen hundred men, and had steamers regularly bringing him recruits from both sides of the continent, every fortnight, but he throttled the transit lines to extort a subsidy, and having thus deprived himself of resources, declared war against all Central America. The result was, that his fine troops were soon played away against a lot of niggers and half-breeds, and the poor creature fell below the level of derision. But comparisons are odious.

Months still elapsed after the evacuation of Manassas, with our Eastern army rusting in inaction, while the West was laying up glory in store for future political dominion, by victory upon victory of the most brilliant character. Our Young Napoleon was the only General who had contributed no triumph to the country, and who gave his troops no chance to vindicate the equal valor of their section. At length, however, between the heroic respirations of the West, common attention became riveted upon McClellan, and he was forced to march.

Instead, however, of moving upon Richmond by the direct path, *en masse*, covering Washington, and employing his whole army as he went, he left 19,022 troops to defend the Capital, and took 158,000 with him, to sea, at an expense of fifty million, and grouped them under his own banner in the Peninsula. Here was a power fit for anything, if rightly wielded, and capable, according to his own pompous promise, of "driving the insolent enemy to the wall." But lo! in a few short weeks, we behold this army, with Cæsar at its head, shattered, decimated, nay, reduced of its numbers by full seventy thousand, with the remainder virtually captives in their lines.

If these are facts, then Cæsar is a failure, and the man who refuses to exercise his reason on the subject is unfit to be a citizen. Fortunately, the government, which never withheld from him a single soldier, nor dictated to him a single plan, but which has suffered greatly from the slander of those who thought him good timber for a President, has already publicly recognized his incapacity, and sent for Gen. Halleck to supplant him. The maxim "better late than never" comes to our consolation at this crisis, and we hope to see some speedy action taken to save the remainder of the proud legions which our Marlborough has stranded in the mud near Turkey Bend. If he, and they, cannot be safely extricated from their present position, Pope had better be sent down, in a direct road upon the rebel stronghold, with sufficient force to make a demonstration that will enable the beleagured Alexander to come out and coöperate with the attacking and directing force. But no more troops should be sent to the Peninsula, unless we wish to consign them to a certain ruin; and above all things, McClellan should be required to act subordinate to the orders of the chief of the relieving army. Give him scope again, and the employment of the spade will once more supersede the use of arms, and the settlement of the country be postponed, until earth shall supersede the use of brains. Whether Pope be the proper man to rescue Pompey we, who have so burned our fingers with undue eulogium, hardly dare assert; but we know he has acted like an intelligent commander in the West, and his capture of Gordonsville, which if the fall of Richmond be our main desire, is decidedly the most important operation of the war, credits him for a broad margin for reliance. As for McClellan (who, to judge by his year of leadership, is perfectly capable of playing away Europe against Novia Scotia, if permitted to control the game), he must consent to be saved in any way he can, and then to be retired to some post, where, under good direction, his limited talents as an expert may be rendered serviceable to the country. This has been military practice and alternative since the days of Pyrrhus down to the times of Canrobert, McDowell and Lorencez; and there is no reason why the chieftain, whose sole achievement has been to manipulate an invading force of nearly a quarter of a million out of practical existence, and whose last masterly exploit was to abandon thousands of his stricken, pleading soldiers to perish miserably in their tracks, should be exempted from the wholesome rigor of the rule.—*Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.*

NATIONAL PROGRESS.

What can we truly say of national progress throughout the last eventful year?

I think this—That millions of our people have been brought, through suffering, bereavement, and sore humiliation, to realize that whatever is unjust is always unprofitable and perilous—that any fabric of prosperity and luxury founded upon a wrong is destined speedily to crumble and vanish—that whatever denies and tramples on the rights of the lowly and despised undermines and endangers the pomp of the lordly and powerful—that there is no safety and no true prosperity for any save in ample opportunity and absolute justice for each and all. So much everlasting truth has, I believe, been flashed from the blazing structures and written on the reddened sky of our last memorable year, so that many who were previously oblivious or at least careless of its existence, and steeled against its obvious application, have taken it deeply to heart.

A year has wrought great changes, even among those whose prejudices were most inveterate. Gen. McClellan, who last winter ordered the Hutchinsons out of his camps for singing anti-slavery songs, and was flattered by injudicious friends with the prospect of election by Southern votes as President Lincoln's pro-slavery successor, now protests that he is employing all the blacks he can get, and only wishes he had more of them. Gen. Halleck explains away Order No. 3, and proclaims his unqualified acquiescence in the Confiscation-Emancipation act. Gen. Mitchel—a Kentucky Conservative of the Bell-Everett stamp—makes no secret of his conviction that slavery or the Union must perish in this contest, nor of his decided preference that the Union shall be saved. Gens. Rousseau, Crittenden (son of John J.), Nelson, and Jackson (James S., M.C.), all Kentuckians, are understood to have reached the same conclusion, and to be acting accordingly. It is a remarkable and impressive truth that those loyal officers who were reared among slaves, and are themselves slave-owners, are, as a class, far more favorable to the emancipation policy, and place a higher estimate on the ability and disposition of the blacks to aid in preserving the Union, than those born and educated in free States.—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And sultry glory all the heaven o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came flashing through the east the regal morn,
No throated twitterings gurgle round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sunflowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown,
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Baalbeck and Babylon—I see slow streams
Gliding by mosque and minaret—see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;—

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtiers;—through half open doors
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs
Leaping forever in a maze of wings,
See light forms dancing over pearly floors!

Sleeping seraglios, spire, and tremulous dome
Winking and drowsy splendor all the day,—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,—
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam
Leap terribly as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak;
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and siver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

—*London Athenæum.*

LAZARUS AT THE GATE.

Lazarus has lain at the gate of all nations: Lazarus in one form or another—with one manner of speech or another.

At one gate he has lain in the person of the fettered slave; and his wounds, filthy and unwashed, are all of *our* giving. This nation bound him, bruised him with many stripes, and rolled him in the filthy mire of oppression till his visage was more marred than any of the sons of men, and then made his unsightliness and uncleanness the reason and excuse for haughty contempt. Polite society held its nose. Tender-hearted society could not be shocked with hearing the disgusting details. Busy society had something else to do than attend to him. Refined society were willing those poor dogs of Abolitionists out there should howl round him if they would, only *they* must be allowed to shut the window and draw down the curtains.

Nay, the windows of churches have been shut, and the blinds drawn, lest a groan from him should disturb the singing of devout anthems; and priests and Levites have passed delicately on the other side. Everything relating to Lazarus was tabooed, in good society. How could people want to disturb refined and elegant Christian life with such unsavory allusions? What God made such a creature for is a mystery, and what is to be done with him a delicate question, which they piously leave with God.

Well, God has accepted the question. Let us see how for a year past an invisible hand has forced the black man up to our politicians, our Generals, our statesmen, our soldiers; and a voice stern as fate has said, Will you own this man—will you have him—yes or no?

Yes, he is a contraband of war, is the first trembling response; but still the invisible pressure pushes him on—success follows the army only where he is received; defeat and confusion, sickness, come where he is rejected; till to-day thousands of voices, which a year ago knew not the man, are crying: Yes, let us have him; quick, or we are undone.

God is a great statesman, and if he has taken the patronage of Lazarus at the gate, it is better to be up and doing, while his wrath is kindled but a little.

With our best heart's blood we are paying the awful debt to God's justice. With the blood of victims, young, beautiful, innocent—themselves guiltless of the nation's great oppression—is the dreadful ransom of our guilt being exacted.

Stearns, Putnam, Lowell—were they not all the martyrs of liberty, guiltless of conniving at our great wrong?

The innocent for the guilty! As He, the great Head of the human race, wrought out redemption by undeserved death-pangs, so by lines dearer than heart's blood must our nation's guilt be expiated!—*Mrs. Stowe, in The Independent.*

Tribute to a Massachusetts Woman.—Mrs. Dall, in her admirable book entitled "Historical Pictures Retouched," pays due tribute to the patience and thoroughness of a lady astronomer well known to our readers—a native of Nantucket, but now a resident of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Dall says: "Women are also more patient, thorough, and observant of small facts, than men. It is said that, before Maria Mitchell used a telescope, certain observations in relation to the positions of the heavenly bodies were made only once in four hours. A common process of arithmetical division decided where the star must stand at the close of the first, second and third hour; but Miss Mitchell chose to direct her glass to the sky not only every hour, but every half hour; and she found that the actual position did not correspond in the least to those which had been assumed. In such 'small service' women may yet do the best part, and the worthiest of the world's work."

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